

HENRY GEORGE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Cleveland endeavors to avoid the stigma of free trade, and much of his argument is illogical and confused. But it is nevertheless, an argument for free trade and against protection. He has recognized the inevitable issue that is before the country and has not shirked it. He has come to the point where the roads fork, and though he betrays a natural desire to postpone the certain split in his party, he has at least set his face in the direction that leads to freedom.

There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Cleveland has, since that message was written, gone back one iota. On the contrary, there is every evidence that he has resisted the tremendous pressure that has been put upon him by the politicians of his own party who fear the tariff issue, and is more, instead of less, determined to stake

"Bean soup or pea soup?"
What will be the use in the traveler replying, "Turtle soup."
If he will have neither bean soup nor pea soup, but insists upon having turtle soup before eating anything at all, he will have to go hungry until he reaches the next restaurant, and even there his chances of

Nor yet do these corrupting influences wait for the growth of a party to dimensions which entitle it to be considered a contestant for control. When the two real contestants are closely matched, and the prize they struggle for is a great one, it becomes an object for one or the other of the great parties to control and use little parties; and though comparatively insignificant

When great armies contend, the immediate object for the possession of which their decisive battles are fought is generally something in itself of no moment, and the fate of nations turns on struggles to gain or hold a hamlet, a knoll, a bridge or a farm house. So the political struggles of opposing principles invariably begin with affairs of outposts, and are decided not on issue joined on the main question, but on issue joined on some subordinate or collateral question. It makes no difference how small the immediate point may be, so long as it is sufficient to arouse and engage the opposing forces. A proposition to put on the free list one single article, such as wool or lumber, or even peanuts—or a proposition to make a ten per cent. reduction in the least im-

What sort of a hearing should we get if

Herman Clark, of the great contracting firm of O'Brien & Clark, who are now finishing contracts for some nineteen miles of the new aqueduct, a civil engineer of large experience, has drawn the plans and made the estimates for a bold and comprehensive scheme of rapid transit for New York, which, of all the propositions yet made, is the only one worthy of the present greatness and future destiny of the metropolis. Instead of digging under ground so near to the surface as to interfere with cellars, sewers, drains and pipe-ways, to give rise to claims for damages, and to cause annoyance by the shaking of buildings, Mr. Clark proposes to go two hundred feet below the surface and tunnel through the solid rock which underlies this island and the adjacent

THE WEEK.

In 1861—nearly a generation ago—congress levied a direct tax of \$20,000,000 on real estate, apportioning it to the different states, in accordance with the provision of the constitution, in the ratio of population. Most of the loyal states paid their shares of the tax in full, and a very large portion of the amount due from the seceded states was secured by the seizure and sale of the property of individuals. The money was needed for the prosecution of the war, and was spent as soon as collected. Of the \$20,000,000 levied, \$17,559,665 was paid; and the balance has since been carried upon the books of the treasury department as still due from various states.

It is now proposed to refund the amount of this tax to the states by whose citizens it was paid. The chief argument advanced in favor of this repayment is that it will enable the treasury department to write off the outstanding balances that appear on its books. The true reason for the proposition is that if by this and other large appropriations the existing surplus in the treasury can be got rid of, the advocates of free trade will be deprived of an *ad captivum* argument, which they are using with great effect, and the advocates of protection will have an excuse for shouting, as they enter the coming campaign, that the revenues of the government are no greater than its legitimate expenses.

The wrangle in the house of representatives over the direct tax bill is the skirmish which precedes the coming battle. It is a maneuvering for position. And considering that the measure is in the nature of a direct bribe offered to the twenty-eight states among whom the money is to be divided, the fact that a large minority of the democratic members are resolute to prevent its passage, is a hopeful omen for the cause of freedom.

Why a paper dollar backed by the authority and credit of a government which has paid its debts should be of less value than one backed by the authority and credit of a government which has not paid its debts, is a puzzle past finding out. That it is of less value is precisely what is implied by Senator Peck's amendment to the bill providing for the purchase of United States bonds by the secretary of the treasury. Here is the amendment as adopted by the senate of the United States April 4—years 37, says 13:

That whenever the circulation or any part thereof of any national bank not in full redemption shall be surrendered by the deposit of United States notes to the treasury or otherwise, and the same or an equivalent amount is not taken by other national banks within thirty days thereafter, the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized and directed to purchase, at the market price thereof, an equivalent amount in silver bullion in excess of the minimum of \$2,000,000 worth per month for coinage purposes, which shall be coined and used as provided in the act passed Feb. 28, 1875, entitled, "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character," provided that nothing in this act shall alter or repeal said act of Feb. 28, 1875.

Just consider a moment. The secretary of the treasury, observing money to be tight in Wall street, and securities consequently comparatively low, expends \$10,000,000 in the purchase of government bonds for cancellation. Some of these bonds—say \$5,000,000—are the property of national banks, which have had them on deposit in Washington for years past as security for their circulation—eating their cake and having it too—and of course the bonds being sold, the bank notes issued on the strength of them must be retired. The volume of money is thus diminished by \$5,000,000. One would think that if the secretary of the treasury issued \$5,000,000 in United States notes to take the place of the bank notes, buyers and sellers would be very willing to use them. Such a course, however, would be contrary to those canons of finance that have been used with such effect in plundering the common people of the United States. The secretary must go to the treasury again for some more money, with which to buy enough silver to coin five millions of dollar pieces, and having coined these dollars and locked them up in a vault where nobody can get at them, then, and not till then, he may issue paper dollars, based on silver dollars that nobody will consent to use.

If the United States were to buy in every penny of their indebtedness to-morrow, and could buy it in at par, they would, under the Beck amendment, be forced to pay out \$2 for every dollar's worth of bonds held by national banks—one dollar for the bond and another dollar for silver to replace the bond as security for currency. Was ever such a jugglery of swindling!

One step in the right direction has been taken by the house of representatives in the passage of the \$10,000,000 fractional currency bill. But in view of the vote on Mr. Beck's amendment, it seems highly improbable that even this slight recognition of the people's rights will be accorded a place among our statutes.

Reports from Rhode Island of April 4 state that on that day the market for votes opened at \$5 with a brisk demand and strong upward tendency. Many holders declined to enter the market, even to the extent of naming figures, preferring to stimulate inquiry by an affectation of confidence in the value of their franchises. Prices quickly mounted, and many transactions took place at \$6, \$7 and \$8, prompt delivery and strict spot cash. The upward movement continued during the afternoon, and the highest point was reached at 3 p. m., when \$10 was freely offered and accepted. The published quotations, however, by no means represent the real strength of the market. A very large number of private transactions took place, and it is said that in many cases as much as \$50 was realized for a single vote.

Many complaints are made of irregular dealings. In some instances, it is said, the same goods were sold twice to different purchasers, one of the buyers receiving only a pretended delivery. It is needless to point out that conduct of this kind is detrimental to the interests of sellers, and if continued at subsequent sales will have a tendency to diminish the value of their wares.

It is said that the late chief justice of

the United States has left an estate valued at something less than \$30,000. Society is shocked at the prospective indigence of his family, and proposes to raise a fund, either by private contributions or by legislative appropriation, that may enable them to live "in the style to which they have become accustomed."

The chief justice of the United States receives a salary of \$10,500 a year. He is a servant of the people. There are quite a number of his employers who earn—or at all events are allowed to keep out of their earnings—considerably less than \$10,500 a year. And when they die, if they have been so improvident or so unfortunate as to leave only a trifle of \$30,000 to their families—why, the families just have to make the best of it.

It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Waite's family disclaim any desire to be thus provided for. But the proposition to raise the fund is instructive, as showing how natural it is for those accustomed to live by the labor of others to see no shame in pauperism and to look with horror upon the prospect of any of their number having to go to work.

The western railroad strikes are virtually at an end. An agreement has been signed between Chairman Hoge of the Brotherhood and T. V. Powderly of the Knights of Labor by which these two organizations will act together against the railroad companies, but it is not known as yet whether the agreement includes the reopening of the present strike. There seem to exist serious doubts as to whether the knights and brotherhood men would, in view of their experiences lately, obey any order which would have a tendency to renew the struggle just closed.

The strike began on Monday, February 27, after frequent conferences by the engineers and firemen with the managers of the Burlington road respecting demands which they had made for an equalization of pay—the passenger engineers to receive 3½ cents per mile and the freight engineers at the rate of 4 cents per mile, whether they were employed on the main line or branches, and regardless of the classes of engines. The company offered a compromise, which was that on its main line it would pay the same as was paid on competing lines, but on side lines, where traffic was light, to ask the same price "as was reasonable and fair." Sixteen hundred engineers and firemen left their engines, and 12,000 conductors, brakemen and round house employees were thrown out of work. The strike gradually spread to other railroad systems—at one time including all the roads running into Chicago and their branches, and involving nearly 100,000 men.

Jacob Sharp died at his home in this city on Thursday, April 7. Had he died three years ago, when his purchase of the New York board of aldermen was simply a matter of common fame, and had not yet been made the subject of a criminal indictment, he might have been held up to the youth of this city as an excellent specimen of a self-made man—an example of the success that any American boy might hope to achieve who should bring to his life work the qualities of energy, perseverance and honesty. Dying now, with a cloud of disgrace overshadowing him, he will point out altogether different moral, and young men will be urged to learn from his unhappy fate, that wrong doing never prospers.

Yet Jacob Sharp was the same man in 1884 as in 1888; and what is more, everybody knew perfectly well what kind of a man he was. It was no secret that he had in some way influenced legislation by bribery. It was perfectly well understood that he had done the same thing before, in securing the franchise of the Seventh avenue road. Yet honorable men did not hesitate to associate with him, and though the newspapers said for a time some hard words about him, it was well understood that in that they were only following their vocation, and that their hard words really didn't mean anything.

More than this, there are plenty of men alive to-day in these United States, honored and respected pillars of churches, some of them, noted for their benefactions, of whom it is notorious that they have influenced legislation for their own profit by methods just as corrupt as and far more injurious to public welfare than those employed by Jacob Sharp. It was right that Sharp should be punished for his crime; and though he managed to avoid the state prison, there can be no question that he was terribly punished. But it is greatly to be feared that his punishment will be looked on by those who most need to be warned from following his footsteps, less as a warning against crime than as a warning against being found out.

The truth is, that in spite of his criminality, Jacob Sharp was a fair type of the successful self-made man. He bribed legislators, it is true, but only because there was no other way of getting the legislation he wanted—the statesmen he had to deal with were deaf to argument, and lameless in demanding bribes. He saw his own profit in providing needed public facilities. Thanks to our corrupt system, he could only get permission to provide these public facilities by bribery; and he bribed. Elsewhere he was a good husband and father, a staunch friend, a man whose word could be depended on, and an attendant at a Christian church. He came to New York without a dollar, and he died worth several millions.

Ordinarily this would have insured him glowing obituaries in the newspapers and "favorable mention" in the churches. But he was not merely found out—that of itself would have made no difference—but publicly found out.

The squabble between the representatives of the United States and the government of Morocco is something worse than ridiculous. Judging by the newspaper headlines and the excited tone of the press dispatches, one might suppose that some frightful wrong had been done to citizens of the United States, and that prompt action was necessary to protect American lives, or, at all events, American property. The simple truth is that no American citizen has been in danger of life, limb or estate for a single instant, and the whole trouble has arisen out of a thoroughly in-

defensible attempt by an officer of the United States to interfere between the Moorish government and its citizens.

Under the treaty with Morocco natives of the country in the employ of American citizens have a right to American protection—that is, they can be sued or tried only before the United States consular court, the Moorish government waiving, for the time being, its jurisdiction over them. To be assured of these privileges, however, such employees must be registered at the consulate, and the authorities notified of such registration. Not long ago the United States consul at Tangier transmitted to the Moorish government a somewhat lengthy list of *proteges*, with the announcement that he had duly registered them as American employees. The Moorish government responded, not questioning the consul's rights, but asking for the particulars of each case—the name of the employing American, and so on. The consul answered that these things were none of the Moorish government's business, and refused to give the information; upon which the government disregarded the protections and proceeded to tax, fine and imprison the *proteges* just as if they had been the ordinary kind of Moors. And hence has arisen all the trouble—the indignant dispatches of the consul, the lavish expenditure for cable messages, the rushing to and fro of ships of war, and all the rest of it.

Considering that a protected Moor has a pretty good time as compared with his unprotected compatriots—that he escapes bastinadoing, and irregular taxation, and imprisonment, and other every day difficulties of ordinary Moorish existence, it is evident that it is worth something to be an American *protege*. Our state department might do well to ask Consul Lewis for that bill of particulars which he has refused to give authorities of Morocco.

General Daniel Butterfield presented diplomas to 129 bricklayer graduates of the New York trade schools on April 6. Of course he made a speech on the occasion. "If I had ten sons," said he, "and \$10,000,000, I would not give one of them a cent until he had learned a trade." This is very pretty, and no doubt the plan would work well. Most any one would learn a trade to get \$10,000,000. What General Butterfield forgot to say was that if he himself had learned a trade and stuck to it he might have had the ten boys, but he certainly wouldn't have had the \$10,000,000.

The emperor of Germany, like the rat catcher who lived in Westminster, has a daughter, and, to carry the parallel still further, the gentlefolks all take off their hats when they meet her. This young lady has fallen in love with a young gentleman named Alexander Something or Other—called Battenberg for short—who heartily reciprocates her affection. Mr. Alexander has called on the emperor and told him how matters stand, and both Mr. Emperor and Mrs. Emperor are satisfied that the wedding should take place. If the young people were named Smith and Jones there would be no more trouble and we might look forward to seeing an account of the nuptials in the society columns of the Berlin press with full particulars of the bride's and bridesmaids' costumes, and a list of the presents, with their value. But just because the young woman is a princess and the young man a prince there is the deuce and all of a row about the matter. The emperor of Russia doesn't like Henry, and says he will feel hurt if the marriage takes place. And when the emperor of Russia feels hurt a good many other folks are likely to get hurt, too. Prince Bismarck doesn't like it either, and threatens to turn sulky, go home to his estates, and let the German people see how they can get along without him. On the other hand, the queen of England, whose daughter is married to a brother of Battenberg, is crazy for the match, and is going to run over to Berlin on purpose to see about it. Altogether things are mixed, and no one knows what may happen. It is not at all improbable that the natural desire of two young people to get married may suffice to set all Europe by the ears. On the whole one cannot help thinking that the world would be a great deal better off if the emperors and queens and chancellors could be compelled to lay aside their nonsensical pretensions and go to work for their living.

The law keeps strict watch over the sacred rights of property in England, and will have none of Cardinal Manning's doctrine of the starving man and his right to bread. In East Sussex, William Cook, a laborer out of work and starving, stole some turnips. The jury recommended him to mercy, but the judge gave him two months hard labor. And at Grantham a man of good character, seventy-three years old, was sentenced to seven days hard labor for entering a store and asking for an onion. The English newspaper which reports the case calls it rather larri.

But where the rights of property are not concerned English law views the transgressions of the lower classes with lenient eye. Michael Burns was convicted at Brighton of an assault upon his wife, having dragged her out of bed, kicked her, struck her and given her two black eyes. He was fined ten shillings. Another English gentleman named Rush, a resident of London, threw his wife down stairs in a transport of affection and then hurled a lamp after her, setting fire to her clothes. The magistrate remonstrated with Mr. Rush and made him first security in \$5 to keep the peace for six months.

Patriotic protectionist Americans, who want to see their country foremost in the international race for prosperity, will rejoice to hear of a singular act of folly of which the English people have lately been guilty. The London dock companies have made special arrangements with the transatlantic lines, by which not only will the discharge and delivery of cargoes be much expedited, but the expenses of handling will be very much reduced. The dock companies, in fact, guarantee London consignments all the speed and facilities in delivery now offered by Liverpool and Glasgow, at about half the expense charged to consignees at those ports for similar services. The foolish Londoners

imagine that in this way they are going to increase the traffic and wealth of their port. Of course the real result will be, on well known protectionist principles, that they will be deluged with foreign goods, and see the grass growing in their streets.

Allegheny City has had an object lesson in political economy. Not very long ago it was discovered that beneath the city there was an immense reservoir of natural gas, which could be utilized at the mere cost of piping. Then Allegheny City rejoiced greatly at the prospect of cheap fuel and light, and the more pious residents had a good deal to say about the goodness of God to the inhabitants of that part of Pennsylvania. But now that natural gas has been generally introduced throughout the city, and people have adjusted their household economy to its use, the folks who own the ground through which alone the gas can be got at, have raised the price some sixty per cent. Allegheny city has ceased rejoicing, and providence is less generally commended.

Once in a while we get an opportunity to see the tremendous rate at which land values are increasing in the upper part of New York city. Only six years ago, in 1882, seventy-eight vacant city lots belonging to the Jumel estate were put up at auction and bought in, the prices bid being unsatisfactory. On the 3d of this month the same lots were again put up at auction, and this time they were sold, the prices being "satisfactory" to the estate. At the first sale the seventy-eight lots were bought for \$70,440, an average of \$903 per lot. At the second sale they brought \$248,405, an average of \$3,184.60 per lot. Increase in value per lot, \$2,281.60—two hundred and fifty-two per cent for six years, or forty-two per cent a year!

Figures like these are fairly staggering. They show us, as by a flash of lightning, the frightful power of taxation that our system of private land ownership places in the hands of individuals. Assuming that the prices paid for these Jumel estate lots represent twenty-five years' purchase, the ownership of the seventy-eight lots carried with it in 1882 the power of exacting from the people of New York a yearly tribute of \$2,817.60, which is now increased to \$9,936.30. Is it any wonder that a million of New York's people are stied in tenement houses?

As land values soar upward, flesh and blood goes down. When all the land is monopolized by private owners, and the majority of the people are compelled to surrender all they earn above a mere subsistence in return for the privilege of using enough of mother earth to stand and eat and sleep on, it is evident that there must be some unfortunate who will find even standing room a luxury beyond their means, and who, unless private or public benevolence comes to their relief, must actually leave the planet and try their fortunes in another world. Such a case occurred here in New York a week ago.

Hans Stockrick and Fanny, his wife, were two Polish Jews, who, crowded out of their native country by population pressure and race persecution, came to the United States. The man was a tailor by trade, with the industry and economy of his race. They had a little baby—an eight months' old boy. They landed in New York, as near as can be learned, about a month ago, and established themselves in a wretched little attic room in a tumble down two story tenement in Crosby street, for which they paid \$5 a month. They were not paupers. They had their little savings and were full of hope. And so Hans Stockrick went out to look for work.

But alas! there was no work for Hans Stockrick. How could there be? There was only so much work to go round, and for every job there were two people who wanted it. What chance had a man, ignorant of the language and without friends? Day after day Hans renewed his quest, and night after night he came home disappointed and despairing. And so the little hoard dwindled, and dwindled, till at last it vanished altogether.

They lived awhile on what they could pick from garbage pails and ash barrels. But garbage will not feed an infant. The mother found dried up for want of nourishment, and the baby cried all day for food.

So at last the crisis came. The rent was due, and there was no money to pay it with. Their sleeping space on earth was wanted for some one else who could afford to pay for it. There was no place for them in this world, and so they left it. Rat poison could be had when food could not, and together Hans Stockrick and his wife departed on their second emigration. Think what a story they will have to tell before the Judgment seat.

They have a queer code of official ethics in England. The late khedive of Egypt, Ismail, had, or pretended to have, a claim of \$7,000,000 against the Egyptian government. He submitted this claim to the English gentlemen who preside over Egypt, and was rather laughed at than otherwise. Then he betthought himself, and engaged the judge advocate general of the British army to look after his interests, promising him, it is said, a fee of \$100,000. Mr. Marriott went to Egypt, and very speedily convinced his fellow countrymen in charge of that unfortunate country that Ismail was a much abused individual, and his claim an entirely just one. So they spoiled the Egyptians. Ismail got his \$7,000,000, the judge advocate general got his \$100,000, and Sir E. Vincent, the Egyptian minister who allowed the claim, presumably got nothing but the satisfaction of having done his duty by the country that had adopted him. Some pestilent demagogue tried to make a fuss about the matter in parliament, but Mr. Marriott jauntily explained that his judge advocateship gave him very little work to do, and he thought he had a right to turn an honest penny by outside jobs. The attorney general said it was all right, and the motion of censure was lost by 213 votes to 126.

Professor F. T. Miles of the university of Maryland delivered a lecture in Baltimore lately on "Food and Digestion," in the course of which he said: The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy

and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough of good food.

Professor Miles is quite right. There will be a great mission to see that the poor get enough to eat. In fact, there is such a mission already. And the chief point of its teaching is that the social system which forces some men to suffer hunger is by that very fact condemned as contrary to the law of God.

Gilbert & Sullivan never imagined anything much funnier than the dispute among the church of England clergy as to whether Prince Oscar of Sweden might or might not lawfully be married in a certain church. The prince was specially anxious to be married at a church in Bourne-mouth; and he wanted to be married according to the Swedish service. The question was, might he do it? At first the authorities said no; a foreign service couldn't be read in an English church. But then it was luckily discovered that the church had not been licensed for marriages. Of course that changed the situation altogether. The church was not a complete all-round church, and so might stand a Swedish service being read without defilement. And so it came to pass that Prince Oscar was lawfully married in a church in which, had it been lawful for him to be married there, he could not lawfully have been married. It takes time to think this out, but there's a whole sermon on ecclesiasticism in it.

There is something very comic in the fluttering excitement of the legislators at Albany over the *World's* account of its reporter's interviews with a professional lobbyist. The innocent assemblymen were horrified to hear that people were going so far as to say that legislation could be influenced in other than straightforward and legitimate methods. Of course a committee is to investigate and find out what it all means; and equally, of course, the committee will report that the astounding assertion is absolutely without foundation.

There is an English nobleman called the earl of Harewood. He owns two villages, Harewood and Dunkswick. It is pretended that he does not own the people who live in these villages; but this is false. The people of the two villages are mostly Wesleyans. The earl of Harewood doesn't like this and signifies his august displeasure in the manner following. At Harewood he permits a Wesleyan chapel, but forbids service during "church hours," won't allow any Sunday school, and absolutely prohibits the administering of the sacraments at any time. At Dunkswick there is a chapel, but the congregation are forbidden to use it. Out of his loving kindness, however, the earl of Harewood allows them to worship in a barn, of course under proper restrictions.

It may be asked, Why don't these poor Wesleyans move away? The answer is, They can't. There is nowhere for them to go. If they migrate from their proper parish they will be arrested and sent back as vagrants. As far as they are concerned the earl of Harewood owns the earth, and, owning that, owns them.

Hillard & Ogden of Cincinnati announce that they are about to issue a weekly called the *United Labor Age*, which shall advocate the single tax and also strive to bring about a union between the union and united labor parties.

The following call for a conference of advocates of the single tax has been issued from Chicago. In summoning the conference Mr. Bailey states that he is complying with the request of over 400 single tax men who have written him on the subject:

CHICAGO, Ill., April 6, 1888.
To Single Tax Advocates, Greeting—By virtue of the authority invested in me by letters on file in my office from the several states and territories, a call is hereby issued for a national conference of the single tax advocates of the several states and territories and the district of Columbia of the United States, to convene in the city of Chicago, Ill., at ten o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, July 4, 1888.

All persons who believe that the public revenues should be raised by a single and direct tax upon relative land values are invited to attend and take part in the deliberations.

Further details and instructions will be published in the New York STANDARD and other papers friendly to the cause.

WARREN WORTH BAILEY,
Chairman of the Provisional Committee.
Mr. Bailey also announces the following general committee on arrangements. Other names are to be hereafter added to the list:

Chairman, Warren Worth Bailey, No. 281 South Hoyne avenue, Chicago.
Secretary, M. K. LaShelle, Times building, Chicago.
Treasurer, Robert H. Cowdrey, 160 Quincy street, Chicago.
Judge James G. Maguire, San Francisco, Cal.
H. F. Ring, Houston, Tex.
H. Martin Williams, St. Louis, Mo.
L. P. Custer, Indianapolis, Ind.
Benjamin Adams, Charleston, S. C.
Freeman Knowles, Cresco, Neb.
C. A. Higley, Minneapolis, Minn.
Thomas A. McCann, Detroit, Mich.
Richard L. Atkinson, Philadelphia, Pa.

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF WEALTH.

The Seven Hundred Miners of the Lehigh coal strike—Where Aid for Them Can Be Sent.

Seven hundred miners of the Lehigh valley, who are supposed to have been prominent in the recent struggle, have been blacklisted by their former employers. The meaning of this is that not one of them can obtain employment either in the mine in which he had formerly worked, or in any other mine in the entire Lehigh region. The mine owners and operators are apparently above all conspiracy laws, and have combined to prevent these unfortunate from working. Most of the men have families, and all of them are in great distress. The correspondent of the New York Herald says of their appeal for help:

This is the most pitiful cry of distress that

ever went forth from any body of beaten workmen in Pennsylvania, and it is but faintly pictured in the words of the miserable condition of hundreds of little families in the Lehigh region who are in absolute and immediate need of bread. It could not well be otherwise after six months of idleness in a thickly populated and dependent section, where the mine owners are veritable autocrats who control the employment, the homes, the stores which enter into the existence of the miners and laborers who sought to better their condition. The cry of the blacklisted is intensified by the fact that it is a wail of despair—the sorrowful exclamation of those who feel that they hunger without hope, because the gates which lead to the breaker and to the mouth of the mine are closed against them. It seems incredible that men laying claim to refinement and Christian charity, as some of these coal operators do, would so oppress the poor, yet such is the bitter fact, and the worst feature of it is that these seven hundred men are not thrown idle because there is no work for them, but merely to make of them examples that will serve for all future time to warn the miners against strikes, even to the point of setting their slaves drunk to warn their children against the degradation of drunkenness.

Contributions toward the aid of these miners and their families may be sent to John J. Meighan, Freeland, Luzerne county, Pa.

The Free Trade Question in Manitoba.

The people of Manitoba, Mich., are thoroughly aroused over the tariff question. A discussion which took place there last week and covered two nights was not confined to the expediency of higher or lower tariffs, but took the comprehensive form of "Absolute free trade versus any form of protective tariff." Rev. Albert Waikly of Manitoba took the affirmative, and Judge J. G. Ramsdell of Traverse the negative. About a thousand persons attended.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE WIND.

The New York Sun is already pegging down the flaps of the small tent in which it proposes to run another republican side show this year. (Jacksonville Times-Union.)

The single tax theory is rapidly growing in favor among the masses of the people in this country. Notwithstanding the hostile and hostile comments and sneers of the press and the adherents of the old political parties.—[West New Brighton, N. Y., Advance.]

"Now I begin to see the light. I can see how all my taxes on all my property will be reduced from \$200,000 to \$100,000 a year. Besides I have discovered that the single tax means absolute free trade, and a saving of nearly fifty per cent on all I purchase in the store the year round."—[Farmer quoted approvingly in editorial in Hempstead, Texas, Advance Guard.]

The taxation of corporate franchises is based on the idea that they are in some sense monopolies, and that in granting them the government has granted to individuals valuable privileges which belong to the whole body of the people. Holders of franchises should either pay a tax on their gross earnings, or surrender them back to the power that gave them.—[Minneapolis Star and News.]

There are 100,000 girls taking the places which 100,000 men have deserted. The business of the country, and the result must be an increase of shiftlessness and loafism on the one hand and the decrease of vigor in the number of doing business on the other. After a girl has been kept in a place where she has been compelled to turn to something else she is ready to get married.—[Detroit Free Press.]

While the congressional committee is engaged in the investigation of alien landholding in the United States, it should turn its attention to the rapid acquisition of enormous tracts of public lands by syndicates and combines of American citizens. This evil is closely allied to the other, and if possible should be abated by the same means. It is proposed to the spirit and genius of our institutions and to wise public policy.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

It is safe to say, as Mayor Hewitt does, that the remission of taxes on personal property would attract so many people to New York or any other city that the increased value of real estate would directly prevent any loss to the grand list. Another reason, closely connected with the above, is that in taxing land we are what is to a certain extent a monopoly, whose value has resulted from the growth of the city rather than from the efforts of its owner.—[Indianapolis Star and News.]

Time was when we had hundreds of millions of bare acres, and a settlement of the any influx of immigration was fairly enough estimated a blessing, and those who came here were as convenient for filling huge continental holes as better men. That time is long since past. The world is now a place of corporations in Europe as well as at home has so far reduced our national domain that we want nothing now but settlers who can settle something.—[Indianapolis News.]

Ground rent is the rightful possession of the community, and should be used as a fund for the payment of municipal expenses if the tax system were so arranged that the unearned increment should be diverted from the pockets of private individuals into the public treasury. The single tax is the principle and basis of legislation upon which the legislature can finally settle the question of municipal taxation. Continuous patching at the old garment only makes its defects more apparent.—[Hamilton Evening Times.]

If a long and distressing struggle between the railway companies and the employees should result, the occasion might properly be seized upon by congress to consider and enact laws that would prevent the wanton misuse of highways and the despoiling of the people for the use of the public and which are not private property in the true sense of the term. Legislation against strikes should include measures to prohibit the forcing of strikes by methods analogous to those which have become involved in the trouble at Chicago. If the strike should become general the duty of regulating by law the relations of the railway companies to their employees could scarcely be longer evaded.—[Philadelphia Record.]

When the history of American politics for the decade comprised in the years from 1880 to 1900 is written, the Henry George movement will occupy a unique position. It reached its culminating point, apparently, when Mr. George was elected mayor of New York. As a separate political movement, the theory of a single tax on land seems to have declined since that date, until at the present time, Mr. George is an active supporter of President Cleveland on account of his position on the tariff tax, while Dr. McGlynn is still anxious to carry out the single tax idea by the political party methods. As an economic movement it is receiving as much recognition as ever. Whatever the outcome may be as to the so-called United Labor party, the agitation of the land question has been of immense good. It has set multitudes to thinking on the methods of taxation and the remedy, as proposed by the single tax, for the acknowledged evils. The single tax on land has at least the merits of simplicity. Society gives the value to land by its aggregations into cities and towns, and it is proposed that society tax for its own use the value it gives. This nobody is robbed of the fruits of his toil to support the government. Nobody is compelled, as now by the tariff on wool, to pay twice as much as he otherwise would for a suit of clothes. Whether the single tax would work well in practice or not, cannot be told until the experiment is tried. But one thing is sure. Taxes ought to come off of property that can be hidden away and put out of sight, and not on the things which are used for speculation, and not on the neighbor who builds a house on the next lot. For in the latter case it operates as a line on improvements.—[Minneapolis Star and News.]

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

Published weekly at
25 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.TERMS, POSTAGE FREE.
One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.25; single copies, 5 cents.
Entered at the postoffice, New York, as second class matter.

Communications and contributions are invited, and will be attentively considered. Manuscripts not found suitable for publication will be returned if sufficient stamps are sent for return postage. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Contributions and letters on editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, and all communications on business to the PUBLISHER OF THE STANDARD.

THE STANDARD wants an agent to secure subscriptions at every postoffice in the United States, to whom liberal terms will be given.

THE STANDARD is for sale by newsdealers throughout the United States. Persons who may be unable to obtain it will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying him promptly.

Sample copies sent free on application.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

THE STANDARD is forwarded to subscribers by the early morning mails each Thursday. Subscribers who do not receive the paper promptly will confer a favor by communicating with the publisher.

THE DUTY ON TIN PLATES.

Mr. C. A. Scott, who signs himself "Chairman tariff committee national iron roofing manufacturers' association," tells about the woes of his association in the *Age of Steel*. It's the tariff that is making the trouble. It always is either the tariff or the laborer—either the workmen refusing to have their pay cut down, or the tariff tinkers threatening to lay unholy hands on the sacred system which alone prevents wages being reduced. This time it is the tariff.

If the Mills bill is passed, Mr. Scott tells us, and tin plates are admitted free of duty, the effect will be to "cause widespread confusion and disaster among our sheet iron mills and those industries immediately connected with and closely dependent on them." The United States will at once be deluged with tin plates, which we shall use not only for making into cups, sauce pans, tomato cans and other things of that sort, but also for roofing our houses, to the utter destruction of the galvanized sheet iron industry.

We now import from Europe each year 250,000 tons of sheet iron in the shape of tin plates, while our entire domestic manufacture of sheet iron of all gauges and qualities is only 150,000 tons, of which 50,000 tons is now used in the making of galvanized roofing and siding. If the Mills bill passes this 50,000 tons of galvanized iron will be replaced with an equal quantity of pauper made tin plates. Thus our output of sheet iron will be reduced by one-third, to the terrible derangement of our social economy. And after all, we shouldn't get the tin plates any cheaper, because, as Mr. Scott cogently puts it, "what assurance have we that the foreigner will not add to his profits the one cent per pound duty that the Mills committee proposes to cut off? It can be done if desired"—on the same principles probably that enabled the foreign manufacturers of quinine to keep on collecting the duty for their own behoof after we had put quinine upon the free list. Mr. Cowdrey has a woe or two upon this subject in another column, which we commend to Mr. Scott's attention in passing.

What we really ought to do, Mr. Scott assures us, is to so arrange matters that we may make our own tin plates for ourselves, and stop dealing with the hated foreigner altogether. And then Mr. Scott gets down to particulars, and tells us how the thing may be managed.

The reason we don't make any tin plates in this country now is because we can't afford to pay for the sheet iron to make them with. Sheet iron pays a duty of fifty per cent, while tin plates pay only a little less than twenty-five per cent; so that if we make sheet iron into tin plates we actually destroy a sixth of its value, and the last end of the manufacturer is worse than the first. It sounds funny; but Mr. C. A. Scott vouches for it, and the chairman of the T. C. N. I. R. M. A. ought to know.

Now there are two ways in which we can make it profitable for our suffering manufacturers to convert sheet iron into tin plates. We can take the duty off sheet iron—of course retaining the duty on tin plates—or we can increase the duty on tin plates to such an extent as to stop their importation altogether. Mr. Scott rejects the first method with horror, and gives his voice for the second. It would, he admits, involve a general advance in the prices of tinware; but who, he nobly asks—"who would not be willing to pay two cents apiece more for tin cups, coffee pots, etc., to add to the output of our mills 250,000 tons of sheet iron now annually imported from Europe in the shape of tin plates, adding \$15,000,000 to labor, employing \$30,000,000 invested in plants, and providing the necessities of life for 600,000 people who would be directly supported from the business?" Accordingly he formulates, on behalf of his committee, this demand:

The National iron roofing manufacturers' association ask that the duty on tin plates may be advanced to an equality with other items in the metal schedule. We can then make tin plates here, locate 100 mills of two teams each, keep \$20,000,000 at home that now goes abroad, and reduce the revenue \$5,000,000 annually.

And to secure all this we have only to pay two cents apiece more for our tin cups, and coffee pots, and tomato cans, and dippers, and pie plates, and dairy pans, and candlesticks, and all the rest of it. We could easily manage this by making our tin cups, etc., last a little longer, and so using fewer of them—although when one comes to think of it, perhaps Mr. Scott

might not care to have our two cent contributions made up in that way.

So much for Mr. Scott, whom we may dismiss with the sympathizing hope that he won't be too much disappointed if he doesn't happen to get quite all he asks for. On the next page of the *Age of Steel* is an extract from a letter which Mr. F. G. Niedringhaus, president of the St. Louis stamping company, has been sending to the *Iron Age*. It is worth quoting:

It is true that our free trade friends may be able to put forth a strong argument in favor of free tin plates, and looking at the question merely from one standpoint, their point may be well taken, as long as tin plates are not made in this country. But, nevertheless, if this one cent of duty, which is equivalent to twenty per cent ad valorem, is taken off, tin plates will be adopted for a great many things for which sheet iron is now used. This would, as a matter of course, lessen the demand for sheet iron just to that extent, and a certain number of men now employed in producing that iron from the ore and coal beds to the finished sheets must look for employment in other channels, or else the price of labor must be reduced to a point where it can effectively compete with foreign labor. If any one will take the trouble to look into the iron business more closely, he will observe that the cost of iron is all labor from beginning to end, and that the profit upon the finished product by the manufacturer is not clearly proven to have not exceeded ten per cent, and in some cases not five per cent, for quite a number of years. Then, therefore, our free trade friends say that it is the manufacturer that needs protection, you may put it down as all idle talk and that they are passing upon a question which they have not thoroughly investigated. Give our American manufacturer labor at the same price that the European competitor gets it and he will not ask for any protection. The whole question at issue, therefore, hinges upon this one point—namely, What or how much shall we pay those who labor? If we have free trade, labor must work for exactly the same price it does in Europe. In other words, you will have pauper labor and a community without a purchasing power. Whether or not this would be advisable American policy is a question that we will not attempt to answer, but leave it to the wisdom of our national representatives. Steel plates and sheets are now being largely imported under the ad valorem duty, and at that rate they can be imported at a much lower figure than sheet iron can be produced. This also is working very depressingly upon the American manufacturers of sheet iron, and the final result will be that either this trade will have to be left to European manufacturers or else the wages of the operatives will have to be cut down in order to overcome this competition. It was our intention to have increased our mill capacity, but from the present outlook we think ourselves very lucky in not launching out any further in that direction. If the free trade faction of the democratic party is to control the politics of the country, it is not difficult to foresee what hardships are in store for our manufacturing communities.

Putting Mr. Scott's argument and Mr. Niedringhaus's argument together, we get a pretty fair illustration of the protective theory—a non-existent industry, the way to bring it into being, and the people who are going to benefit by it. It reads smoothly enough. It has done effective work before, and may do effective work again. It has only one weakness, but that is a fatal one. It is nonsense.

When Mr. Niedringhaus says that "the cost of iron is all labor from beginning to end," leaving only a miserable five per cent profit for the manufacturer, he says what is perfectly true, and conveys an idea that is absolutely false. It is true that, given iron ore and coal lying beneath the surface of the earth, nothing but labor is required to produce any sort of iron product, from pig iron to watch springs. But it is utterly false that labor receives as its reward anything like the total of its product. Yet this last is clearly the assumption that Mr. Niedringhaus makes, for when he contemplates the result of a fall in the price of iron plates he tells us that the men engaged in manufacturing iron must either go to work at something else, or submit to a reduction of their wages. Evidently it has not occurred to him that there is a third party who now absorbs a large part of the natural reward of both labor and capital, on whom the loss might without injustice be made to fall.

There are deposits of coal and iron ore in a great many different parts of the United States; some easy to work and handy to a market; others more difficult and remote. Probably not one-fifth part of them has been touched yet. No man put them there. Divine providence stored them away when the foundations of the earth were laid, presumably for the use of coming generations of mankind.

Suppose that wherever one of these deposits is lying unused, the first man that wished to were allowed to go and take what iron ore or coal he wanted, freely, as long as only he wanted them, and on payment of a proper rent value tax when other people wanted them too. What would be the effect? Evidently that coal mines and iron mines would at once become divided into classes. The lowest class would comprise the mines that nobody cared to work yet—the poorest and most difficult deposits. Next would come the mines that men could work at remunerative wages so long as they had no rental value tax to pay. And above the rent line, taxed each according to its value, would come the richer and more accessible deposits, which could be worked to greater profit. Under such conditions three great economic laws would assert themselves unchecked—the law of wages, the law of rent and the law of competition. Miners working for hire would receive a trifle better wages than they could earn by working for themselves on tax free deposits—because if offered less or discharged from work, they could at once migrate to the free mines, where they would be their own bosses, earning the whole product of their labor, and not liable to discharge by any man. Rental values would be determined by the greater profits to be made by work-

ing one mine rather than another mine—since the moment the mining of any deposit became extraordinarily valuable, men would compete for the privilege of working it, and would be willing to pay for that privilege a little less than the extra profit to be secured. And the law of competition would assert itself in this: that so soon as it became more profitable to work in a free iron or coal mine than at some other equally toilsome occupation, more men would become miners and would compete for the privilege of working mines that hitherto had paid no rental value tax. The rental line would be forced back. Throughout the whole mining industry rental values would advance, and wages fall until they reached a point at which it would no longer be desirable to abandon other industries for coal mining.

There is nothing new or heretical in all this. These laws of rent, wages and competition are recognized by all standard authorities on political economy, and would probably not be disputed even by Messrs. Scott and Niedringhaus. The trouble is that their operation is interfered with by our system of private land ownership, which allows individuals to seat themselves on the throne of God and dictate to less favored individuals how much of God's gifts they shall use and on what terms they shall enjoy them. There are plenty of coal and iron ore deposits yet untouched. There are plenty of miners and laborers standing idle who would be glad to work them. But round them all the landlords' parchment fences rise high and strong, forbidding the access of labor to the gifts of God. The rent tax is collected with unflinching regularity, and it rises and falls in strict accordance with the law; but it goes to enrich the vicereigns of the Almighty who control the earth, and not the community to whom it properly belongs. The law of competition asserts itself; but with coal and iron ore deposits monopolized, and labor forbidden to exert itself, save by permission of the land owner, the effect of competition is of necessity to force down wages to the point of mere subsistence, to reduce the reward of capital, where capital is called in to aid in making labor more productive, and to raise the rent tax to the highest possible point.

Mr. Niedringhaus tells us that if the duty is taken off tin plates, the imported plates will be used instead of domestic sheet iron. This, he thinks, will lessen the demand for sheet iron, "and a certain number of men now employed in producing that iron from the ore and coal beds to the finished sheets must look for employment in other channels, or else the price of labor must be reduced to a point where it can effectively compete with foreign labor." In the name of common sense, why? Capital says it can't afford to work any cheaper; and, goodness knows, labor gets little enough as it is. Why should either of them be forced to take less? Why shouldn't the mine owner—the landlord, who as a landlord has never done anything and never can—why shouldn't he be made to stand the loss? There are thousands upon thousands of acres in Pennsylvania beneath which lie stores of iron ore and coal, untouched since the foundations of the earth were laid. If capital and labor could get at these without first submitting to a blackmail, then indeed the cost of iron would be "all labor from beginning to end," save a small percentage for the use of capital. But does Mr. Niedringhaus think in that event there would be any danger of a deluge of sheet iron from abroad, even were the last shroud of protection removed? Why, there are to-day, in the mining and manufacturing regions of Pennsylvania alone, enough men, idle and eager to go to work, to double or treble our production of sheet iron, if only they could take the raw material out of the earth where God put it. And there is far more than enough capital to set them all at work. It is only the landlords that stand in the way—the men who claim to be specially commissioned by the Almighty to serve out His stores of coal and iron ore at their own pleasure and for their own price.

And what people like Mr. Scott and Mr. Niedringhaus either do not see or do not choose to tell, is that these representatives of providence are the only class of men in the whole United States who can, in the long run, profit by a protective tariff. Whatever is gained by protection, they gain. Nobody else gets anything, save in transition periods, when economic policy is suddenly changed, and then but very little. Suppose, for instance, that tin plates were absolutely barred out by a prohibitory duty, what would be the effect? There would be an increased demand for iron. The men standing idle in Pennsylvania would be set to work. If there was work enough for them all wages might rise a little. Then a rush of immigration would be made into Pennsylvania, the labor market would be overstocked, and the strikes and lockouts and reductions would begin again, even as now. But the things that would increase in value, and stay increased, would be iron lands, and coal lands, and tin lands. And when once the shock of the sudden change was over, protectionist statisticians would compute the value of Pennsylvania lands and property, and dividing it by the sum of the population, tell us how rich the tariff had made Pennsylvanians. And they would point to the idle men, and the discontented workers, and the withered women, and the stunted children, and tell us that a little more protection would soon cure all that. Just as they are doing now.

There was a time when such talk as that of Messrs. Scott and Niedringhaus was potent with the wealth producers of the United States. That time is passing, and will soon be gone. For men are beginning to realize that God made the earth, not to be the plaything of a favored few, but for the equal use of all; and that foremost among the inalienable rights of man are the right of access to nature's storehouse, and the right to do what he will with his own.

LEARNING TO PLAY AT WORK.

A Corinthian yachtsman is not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a yachtsman who lives in Corinth; but one who has arrived at a knowledge of how to handle his own yacht—who can hand, reef and steer, and knows other things proper to be known by an able seaman. To be a yachtsman is easy enough. One has only to buy a yacht, hire a captain and crew, and remain complacently at home while his vessel goes abroad to win racing cups for him. Many yachtsmen, however, are not satisfied with being merely yachtsmen; they want to be Corinthian yachtsmen as well, with a yea heave oh! and a runnelow, and a shivering of timbers, and a general flavor of tar pots and southwesters. There is a joy in ordering the man at the wheel to "H-luff and be damned to you," or in instructing the crew to "lay aloft there, one of you, and stow that gaff tawp!" that only the true Corinthian knows. To heave the log and know what you're doing when you heave it—to "shoot the sun" through a "pig yoke," to scan the verrier carefully, and with one eye cocked knowingly aloft to tell the quarter-master to "make it eight bells"—to pace the moonlit deck with the lass that loves a sailor, awaking the emotions of her innocent heart with a whole string of lies about that "harricane" down in the West Indies last cruise, when we scudded before it for forty-eight hours with an oil can on the starboard quarter, and then hove her to and rode it out like a duck—these are joys that yachtsmen sigh for; but only Corinthian yachtsmen know in their full flavor of perfection.

Now there are two ways of becoming a Corinthian yachtsman. One is, to say you're a Corinthian yachtsman; and the other, to go to work and learn something about sailing. The first method is to be avoided, if possible; not on account of its immorality—because the Corinthian yachtsman is bound to disregard the truth, anyhow, just like a fisherman, and a falsehood more or less won't make much difference to him when he weighs his anchor for the last time and goes into dock for final survey and condemnation—but because of its riskiness. The vocabulary of sea terms is intricate and requires care in using; and the Corinthian who only says he's a Corinthian may some time give himself away in presence of a real sure-spoken sailorman by hauling out his spangher when he ought to flatten in his head sheets, or swinging his head yards first and ordering the hands to "maintain sail haul" afterward. It isn't safe. No yachtsman who desires to maintain his reputation as a yachtsman will become a Corinthian yachtsman by any other than the inductive or experimental method.

It is for the benefit of mariners of this class that Captain Howard Patterson, principal of the New York navigation school, and author of "The Yachtsman's Guide," is about to establish a training ship, or floating marine college. Captain Patterson has already taught his pupils all about charts and chart sailing, keeping the log book, dead reckoning in all its considerations of taking departure, current sailing, and allowing for drift when hove to, middle latitude and Mercator's sailings, latitude by meridian observations of the sun and moon, and by stellar observations, longitude by equal altitudes of the sun, chronometer sights, and by sunrise and sunset sights; Summer's method, variation and deviation of the compass calculated by amplitudes and azimuths, and the reading and adjusting of the sextant; and having imparted to them all this knowledge—which, it may be observed, an ordinarily intelligent boy could acquire on shipboard in three days with the aid of a sextant, a "Navigator," and an obliging first mate—he now proposes to take them to sea in a square rigger, and let them find out how they like it.

With this benevolent end in view Captain Patterson is fitting out a full rigged brig of about 140 tons; and as sixty yachtsmen have already entered their names the cruise may be looked on as a coming certainty. The curriculum of study has not been made public; but as Captain Patterson is a sailor who knows his business, and the yachtsmen are anxious to become sailors knowing their business, it is not at all difficult to foretell it.

The college will be towed down the bay and anchored in the Horseshoe near Sandy Hook. During this time the students and their friends will indulge in champagne, songs, jokes, and pleasant anticipations. Captain Patterson will wear a plug hat, smile genially and show himself not averse to a glass of wine now and again. Arrived at the Horseshoe, the last farewells will be said, and the friends of the students will go off amid a roaring of steam whistles and waving of handkerchiefs. The students will then be instructed in the keeping of an anchor watch, which duty they will master readily, and think going to sea great fun.

At 4 a. m. the students will dream they hear a voice from heaven, which will gradually resolve itself into a stentorian yell of "All hands up anchor! Do you hear the news? Turn out there, you lazy all sorts of things, and show a leg!" The students will then rise and proceed on deck in a body. Captain Patterson will be

walking the poop in a monkey jacket and peaked cap, with a new and strange expression on his countenance, and the chief mate will utter violent language from the topgallant forecastle. The students will salute Captain Patterson politely, and will be astonished when he tells them in reply that "by God, there's been enough of this nonsense. I'm captain of this ship, and you'll obey my orders and speak when you're spoken to. Get for'ard now, and man the windlass." One student will ask for some information about the mechanical principles involved in the machine they are about to man. Captain Patterson will spring from the poop, knock the student down, stamp on him and swear volubly at the entire class. A second mate, carpenter, boatswain and steward will mysteriously appear from somewhere; the first mate will come aft in about three steps; the students will move forward, propelled by hitherto unknown forces, and when they come to their senses they will find themselves clustered round the windlass brakes, heaving away for dear life, and drawing encouragement from casual remarks of the chief officer.

And so on, and so on. If any reader of THE STANDARD wants to know the whole course of study, let him ask any old sailor of his acquaintance, or read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." The students will eat bread scouse, flavored with cook's hair and dandruff. They will pick over the stock of potatoes once a week, with the cheering knowledge that the rotten ones will be cooked for their own consumption. They will learn to look on a slice of fat pork as a treasure to be fought for, and a raw onion as an unattainable delicacy. They will turn in wet, and turn out steaming—work hard, live hard, and be cursed and knocked about for doing it. They will learn something about the way sailors live who go to sea in dead earnest, and not merely for the fun of the thing; and, incidentally, they will get more nonsense knocked out of them than would fill a half dozen "full rigged brigs of 140 tons." And when they get inside Sandy Hook again, and the steamer takes them in tow, and the sails are furled for the last time, Captain Patterson will come on deck in his go-shore plug hat and long tailed coat, call them all aft, and treat them quite like his equals, asking them if they haven't had a good time. And they will all be so glad to get over and so delighted to get home again that they'll think they actually *have* had a good time. And when Captain Patterson visits them at the club house, instead of taking summary vengeance on him, as erstwhile they swore to do, they will shake him by the hand and mix drinks for him, and ask him to corroborate a yarn or two, which he will do cheerfully. And they will advise all their friends to attend one course at the marine college and "get some of the nonsense knocked out of 'em." But they'll be mighty careful not to take another cruise in the college themselves.

Captain Patterson's floating college ought to be a great success. If it does nothing else for its graduates it will give them some idea of the realities of life, equip them with a plentiful stock of experience and furnish them with an utterly inexhaustible fund of lies.

LUTHER R. MARSH.

Newspaper interest in spiritualism has been reawakened by the accounts of Madame Diss Debar and her celestial portraits. She is unhesitatingly pronounced an impostor, and Luther R. Marsh, who vouches for the genuineness of her mediumship and supplies her with money, is regarded as a senile dupe; while a variety of exposures of transparent tricks of spirit mediums are published for the purpose of showing that spiritualism is in all its phases a humbug.

Madame Diss Debar may be a mere adventuress and confidence woman, her spirit portraits the veriest dabs, and her professions of supernatural power another variety of fraud. But beyond the probability that she is an adventuress, and the improbability of such spirit manifestations, nothing appears to justify the flippancy with which Mr. Marsh's convictions are treated. Mr. Marsh has for years been one of the leading lawyers of the state. He has been accustomed to sift evidence and weigh facts. It is true he is an old man, but until now no one has suspected that his faculties were weakening, nor is it now suspected except in reference to this particular matter. He has a large practice, to which he devotes his usual attention and skill, and he holds a public office in which he exhibits the same intelligence and judgment that have always characterized him. But he says that this woman, Diss Debar, has produced paintings in his presence under circumstances that made the interposition of human agency impossible. He may be deceived. He probably is. But his sincerity is not disputed, and his judgment should not be ridiculed.

It is difficult to believe that spirits write letters, paint pictures and hold carnivals in darkened rooms or cabinets. It is more difficult to believe that they write trashy letters, paint tea store pictures, and hold cabinet carnivals every night in the week, with two matinees, for fifty cents admission and reserved seats extra. It is certain besides that a great many gross frauds are perpetrated in the name of spiritualism. Nevertheless, there are not a few people who frequently experience strange manifestations which, as they firmly believe, have a spiritual origin; and it cannot be disputed that phenomena are presented through mediums which have not been accounted for by any known agency.

The explanation that spirit rappings are

produced by the medium's toe joints is not satisfactory to any one who has heard such rappings made under the influence of non-professional mediums who have no possible object in deceiving and who do not attribute the rappings to spirits. Nor can that explanation be accepted by any one who doubts the ventriloquial power of toe joints.

No explanation has been made of the movements of heavy articles in response to the mere touch of a medium; and while slate writing may be done by sleight of hand so as to deceive the most vigilant, it is difficult to understand how a sleight of hand performer can by his art make writing appear on your own slates while they are locked in a drawer of your own table and in your own house, as some slate writing mediums do. As of rapping, table moving and slate writing, so of other manifestations claimed to be spiritual. They may be jugglers' tricks always, as they undoubtedly are at times; but it is worthy of note that jugglers never perform them except in places adapted to trickery, and that people wholly incompetent as jugglers do perform them in places not at all adapted to trickery.

Whether these phenomena, assuming them to be real, are spiritual revelations, or manifestations of some unknown natural force, every one must judge for himself on his own experience. But whether or not they are only tricks is a problem that may be solved to the satisfaction of candid minds. It cannot be solved, however, so long as a claim of power to produce the manifestations is regarded as conclusive evidence of fraud, and belief in their genuineness as proof of idiocy.

LOUIS F. POST.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S FATE.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Worcester, Massachusetts, Joseph H. Walker, who has collected statistics relative to business fluctuations in his native city during the past fifty years, recently delivered an address before the local young men's Christian association, in which he exhibited some of the results of his statistical work. Worcester is not the whole United States, much less the civilized globe; in fact, is comparatively such an infinitesimal part of that part of the earth which has come under the influence of civilization, that any one might be pardoned the impoliteness of telling this old gentleman that while his figures may do for Worcester they are too insignificant for anything but "make weights" when business fluctuations generally are under consideration. Nevertheless, these figures tend to verify the results of more extended inquiries, and are useful for illustrative purposes.

It has been frequently asserted that about ninety per cent of business men fail in a generation. To demonstrate this is impossible, but Mr. Walker's figures show that it is not very far from the truth so far as Worcester is concerned. Of fifty-six men who were prominent in business in Worcester in the year 1845, he found that in five years one-fifth, in ten years two-fifths, and in fifteen years three-fifths, were out of business. These figures leave two-fifths in business at the end of half a generation. But as the cases are selected, he infers that, taking business men generally, not more than thirty-three out of one hundred continue in business for fifteen years.

For the purpose of showing what becomes of those who drop out of business, Mr. Walker has noted the history of the principal manufacturers of Worcester in the years 1840, 1850 and 1860. Of 30 in 1840 have failed; of 75 in 1850 43 have failed, and of 107 in 1860 43 have failed. These failures are far below ninety per cent; but it must not be forgotten that none but the prominent manufacturers, those having the very best opportunities, were considered by Mr. Walker. If from such statistics it appears that an average of nearly fifty per cent fails, what might not be expected from an investigation which comprehended the business experience of all classes of business men?

It may be a consoling thought to some orders of mind that those who fail make way for others to take their places, and that by virtue of a sort of everlasting three-card monte game—"now you see it, and now you don't"—in the business world, the slave of yesterday is a master to-day, and the master of to-day is a bankrupt to-morrow; but it is only men in whom the gambling spirit is dominant that can find satisfaction in such conditions.

The tendency toward failure in business is akin to the tendency toward minimum wages in employments, and is traceable to the same cause.

A COMMON SENSE DIAGNOSIS AND PRESCRIPTION.

An English physician, who justly calls himself a "common sense" doctor, has recently written in the *Provincial Medical Journal* on "The causes of small average fees among doctors." This is a subject which ought to interest every member of that most useful of all professions. Some doctors get enormous fees, but it is not of such fees that this doctor writes; he writes of small average fees.

That the average fees of physicians are small cannot be disputed. None of their time is their own. At all hours in the day and in the night they must respond to the call of distress, and the great body of them, practicing as they must among the masses, are paid only as the masses can pay them. It is these doctors, too, and not the medical attendants of rich families, whose sympathies are most frequently and most strongly appealed to for pecuniary aid; for they go daily into human hovels where, instead of getting pay for their

There might be two.
This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out
Against the leech, the calomel, the bed.
Oh! inconsiderate person, cease to pour—
You might be dead!
And this one hath the mites: he has weeds;
Vainly, alas! his woeing it has sped.
Well—even in this there's comfort, rightly
viewed—
He might be weal!
And here is one who whines: his all is swept
Away in panic; he has had to "fail."
He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept
Safe out of jail.
But late I lost a twenty-dollar bill—
And did I wring my hands that I had blundered?
Not I, indeed! I'm very thankful still
'Twas not a hundred.
Sooth, should I e'er capsize when walks are
lad,
And my good clavicle involve in wreck,
Serenely, I should say—How very glad
It's not my neck.
Oh! trust me—better not to make ado
At the few miseries of our common lot.
There's millions of 'em—if we only knew!—
We haven't got.

MINNIE KELSEY.

CHAPTER I.

People usually mention the east side of New York when they speak of tenement house life. The truth is, the west side also has a tenement house population which, if transferred to a point somewhere out in the country, would be numerous enough to form one of the important cities of the world. In the tenement districts of the west side the houses are as high, the apartments as narrow, the streets as noisy, the children as countless, the poor as comfortable as on the east side.

On a certain corner in a west side tenement house neighborhood stands a cheaply built five-story brick house, patterned after the thousands of houses similarly situated in New York. That is to say, a corner house admits of windows on the side street, whereas houses in the body of a block have light only from front and rear, the intermediate rooms being dark, excepting, perhaps, that a faint light is admitted by means of a narrow shaft running up along the inner rooms from basement to roof.

The top floor of the house referred to is divided into suites of rooms for four families. In one of the rear apartments, that facing on the side street, there are four rooms—a little kitchen, which is merely the rear end of the hall in the middle of the house partitioned off, a light corner room, called big, since it is twelve feet square, and then two rooms on the side of the house facing the street, each equaling in length the width of the big room, each wide enough to admit a bed and a trunk beside it, and each lighted by a window.

On the afternoon of a sunshiny winter's Sunday a young girl sat at the window of the little chamber furthest from the kitchen. There was no fire in the room, but the sun's rays had taken away the chill from the air and the girl had wrapped herself warmly in an old shawl. She was looking out of the window with a pre-occupied air. She could look down along the side street some little distance, and by pressing her face against the glass she might have seen a little patch of the river, and through the clear air the Jersey City heights beyond forming a horizon of toy houses and snow-clad hills. Beneath, she could see Sunday-dressed people walking on the sidewalk opposite, and on the further corner a crowd of half grown boys, skylarking when the policeman was out of sight and dispersing when he drew nigh, only to gather together again after he had passed on, wearily killing the weekly holiday that brought them no freedom to play, the public streets—public for walking or riding, but not for playing—being the only place where the boys could enjoy one another's company.

The young girl betrayed no interest in the view from her window. Neither did she evince impatience with the noises in the adjoining apartments or those echoed from the choirs of the twenty families living on the floors below. Her ears had grown accustomed to the crying of children, the slamming of doors, the sharp voices of scolding women, the hallooings of the boys, the innumerable clatterings accompanying household work.

The drugist grows insensible to the smell of his shop. To catch the flavor of one of his medicaments he must apply it closely to his nostrils. So, in a tenement house, to detect any particular sound the occupant must stop and listen and distinguish it from a confusion of sounds.

Though the girl looked out of the window with a steady gaze, what she saw with her eyes made no impression on her mind. She was looking, not at the scenes before her eyes, but at mental pictures. She was, in imagination, gazing as a bird from aloft in air, upon a pleasant little country town, and reviewing incidents of her life which had happened there. Her memory and her affections were weaving her in a network of witchery. It had always been summer in that dear old place—summer with singing birds and green foliage, red cherries, and earth-carpeted of many colored flowers. How plainly could she see every tree in the garden, every angle of the familiar houses, even every one of the straight planks and broad, irregular stones of the sidewalks. People whom she knew but slightly she now remembered as friends, and her own friends and playmates—she could but think of them, fondly loving them, seeing them as plainly as if they were in her presence, hearing their sweet voices and looking into their kind eyes. Musing over these heart pictures thrilled her with a melancholy pleasure.

The most sacred spot on earth to her was a cottage near the verge of the little town. She had been born there, and had lived there until in her seventeenth year she had come to New York. Her mother had been left a widow when she was a toddling thing. She was uncertain whether she could remember her father or not. She could recall plainly the figure of a handsome man who had long ago fondled her and gave her sweets, but was not this

figure in the beginning only the figment of her fancy, created later when shown her father's likeness and told of his goodness and his affection for his only child? At his death he had nothing but the cottage to bequeath to her mother, who earned a living for herself and her little daughter by sewing. The years had gone on, bringing play, school, the joys of girlhood, the almost uneventful life of a happy home. It was but two short years since a blow had fallen upon her which changed the current of her existence. Her gentle mother had taken her in her arms one day, kissed her, blessed her, spoken of her faith in all things being for the best, and told her that yet a little while and she would be alone in the world. The physicians had warned her mother that her days were numbered. Less than a year later she was in her grave.

The death bed, the funeral, the sale of the cottage and its furniture—these events the girl now lived over again, the tears filling her eyes. Next had come the announcement that when all the expenses accompanying her mother's sickness and death should be paid, nothing would be left for her. The friends with whom she had temporarily taken up her abode could not be expected to maintain her permanently. It was while matters were in this state that she received a letter from an aunt whom she had never seen—her father's sister—the only relative of whom she had any knowledge, inviting her to make her home with her in New York. Her aunt wrote that she and her husband possessed but small means, but the niece was welcome to a share of what they had. She would be expected, of course, to help in the family work, and if she wanted more clothing than they could afford to give her she might get the money to buy it by working in a store.

Some good friends helped the young girl to make her preparations for going to the great city, and a little group of them collected at the station to bid her good bye when she took her departure from the town. When the train had started she felt that she had left behind her all she held dear on earth. Before her was a world to her untried, and she friendless, an orphan, a weak child, left to battle with the fates among strangers.

There had been some misunderstanding as to the hour of her arrival in the city, and no one was at the station to meet her. Tired and weighted down with bundles, she had inquired her way to the address her aunt had given her, walking a long way through crowded city streets that bewildered her, and at last had arrived in front of the house. She recollected how people had stared at her on the street as no one had ever done in the country, and how, as she made her way up to the top floor of the hive in which her aunt lived; women and children appeared at the doors of the hallways, and not unkindly directing her to her aunt's apartments, eyed her and talked of her as though all had gossiped over her coming.

She found her aunt a pale, slender little woman with three young children. She remembered her first impressions of the husband when he came home from work in the evening. He was rough and disagreeable. So had he been ever since. He shaved but once in a fortnight or so, and hence his face was nearly always covered with a dirty stubble. His one suit of good clothes he seldom wore, but sat around in his soiled work clothes. The reason for this kind of life lay in his habit of stopping at a bar room when he was paid off on Saturday evenings and spending most of his week's money in a spree. It was often the case that he would not make his appearance at home from the time he left on Saturday morning until late Sunday night. After a night's rest he would go back to his favorite bar room and spend Monday in sobering up on the drinks to which he was treated. During the week he was usually sulky and morose, and gruff when he spoke at all.

The young girl speedily found that the motive of her aunt in bringing her to the city was that the work she was to do would be done cheaper by her than by hired help. The aunt, had she been well-to-do, would have been a confirmed invalid; as she was poor she was obliged to work, yet she could not attend to the children and do her housework. The young girl was expected to take a good deal of the drudgery off her aunt's shoulders, and the very first week she was told she must certainly find a situation, besides, where she could earn wages.

She had found a place, not in a store, but in a factory, her wages as a beginner being far less than her uncle spent on drink. If she had been allowed to remain there she might have dressed herself neatly, but at first either the aunt or the uncle had borrowed them from her, and in time she was made to understand that what she was giving them was only their due for taking care of her.

The year since her coming to the city had gone quickly. Time flies when one works long hours every day but Sunday. The day, the hours, may seem long, but in the sun of either the period is short. Factory life is humdrum, one day being like every other, and when a length of working time is reviewed one sees few events out of the ordinary to break the monotonous chain. A girl at factory work, engaged generally month in and month out at a single process in subdivided labor, may almost envy the prisoner in a treadmill. He may, at least, digest his food. She sits or, worse, stands hour by hour, her eyes fastened upon her work, her hands following motions that in time become automatic. She forgets after a while that there are any processes in the work save her own. To her there is no raw material or completed product. There is only at one side of her a pile of things in the nineteenth stage which she is to pass to the other side manufactured by her into the twentieth stage. Even this she at length loses sight of. She seems no longer to be making anything real. Her motions leave behind them a something unreal, unseen. It is the warp and woof of her vitality. She weaves them into an interminable web of something it makes her shudder to look back along, colorless, figureless, intangible, unprofitable. Its making brought her for the hour bread and a covering. She loses in forming it sprightliness, the roses of her cheeks, the resili-

ency of youthful temperament, and, she her own chameleon, taken on from it dullness, morbidness, colorlessness, bloodlessness.

Yet some things in her place of toil never lose their dreadful realness to the factory girl. Pinned up in a hot room ten hours a day, the vitiated air seems to dry up the blood in her veins. A nauseating odor of decomposing oil sickens her. The grinding and discordant hum of machinery seems to penetrate her very brain. Dust thickens the atmosphere and chokes her. An hour after work is begun a fever seizes her and never ceases to torture her until she falls asleep in her bed at night long after lying down to rest.

So was time beginning to go with this young girl. She had taken to asking herself whether this was to be her life for a period to which the end might be death or a new life in marriage with some man who might turn out such another as her uncle. Was she never to take pleasure in study again, as she had done when her mother taught her and encouraged her? Was she to have no girl's enjoyment? Was her routine to be the tramp to the detestable factory and back again to the infernal tenement house? Was she never to love a good, high minded man and be the loved mistress of a home, as were the women she had known out there in the country, where there are homes? With thoughts such as these she arose, turned away from the window and looked around the cheerless little room. It had two narrow beds in it standing end to end. In one, two of the children slept at night. In the other, the smallest child and herself. To-day she was alone for once, the mother having gone to visit friends, taking the children with her. The walls she had pretty well covered with colored pictures and cuts from the newspapers. On a little make-believe mantel piece, covered with a bit of cheap, bright colored cloth, stood a small clock and a photograph of her mother and father and a few friends. She sighed in weariness as she looked around the mean little room, and sighed again in grief as she looked on her mother's picture.

Presently she walked to the window and pulled the blind down to the lowest half pane. Then she made sure the door was bolted. Next she took down her hair, combed it slowly and looked at herself in a foot square glass. She threw aside the shawl and again looked in the glass. She tightened her dress about her shoulders and looked at herself in full and sidewise. She spent some little time in looking at her hands and trimming her finger nails. She brought out a pair of shoes from her trunk, examined them carefully, put them on, and, drawing aside her skirts, looked at her feet as she walked up and down the room. She stood with her back against the wall and straightened herself. She looked once more in the glass and shewed herself her teeth. Then she walked up and down the room again jauntily and quickly, humming a little tune.

Drawing the shawl about her again, she went to her trunk, knelt in front of it, and reaching down among the clothing it contained, brought out half a dozen photographs. They were cheap pictures of actresses. She looked at them all absently, noting their dresses, their figures, their pose and expression. She rummaged still further down in the trunk, bringing up a newspaper, and, unfolding it, took out another photograph. It was that of a handsome, serious looking man of thirty. While she was looking at it intently—inquiringly rather than affectionately—some one tapped loudly at the door of her room.

CHAPTER II.

"Minnie Kelsey! Minnie Kelsey!" They were feminine voices.

The young girl hastily rewrapped the photograph and plunged it to the depth of the trunk. She went to the door, opened it slightly to peep at her callers, and then widely to admit them.

They were two young girls of the neighborhood who worked in the factory. They were in high feather. To-morrow night was the night of the ball of the factory employees. Had Minnie yet decided to go? Minnie replied that she had not concluded what to do. One of the girls said:

"Minnie, if you will go, I'll lend you my cousin's blue dress. She's away now. How it would become you! It wouldn't do for you to stay at home. You are the prettiest girl in the factory, and you're kind of different, too, coming from the country. If you go, you'll have a splendid time."

The other chimed in with the first. Minnie said she would not like to wear another's dress without the owner's knowledge, but the girl who had offered it said that her cousin had often worn her clothes; she had some of her things now away over in Jersey, where she worked. She herself had a new hat which she would so much like Minnie to wear. She was going to wear her black hat, as it suited her dress. She thought Minnie ought not to put on airs and refuse to wear things her own. Minnie had often done her favors in the shop, and now she would like to repay them. Poor people must do for one another.

Minnie was eighteen. She had never been to a ball. She had learned to dance a little, the girls indulging occasionally in the pastime together in the big hallway during the dinner half hour, sometimes to the music of a hand organ or a strolling brass band on the street, and sometimes to their own singing. She hesitated a little and then said she would try to go. The two other girls seemed to understand that that was assent enough, and they turned the talk to chatter about what they were going to wear at the ball. The one who had spoken to Minnie about her cousin's dress said her cousin was just the same size as herself, and she took off her dress waist and got Minnie to try it on, and expressed herself rejoiced to see how certain it was that the nice blue dress would fit Minnie. After finishing the gossip of the factory and again promising themselves a good time at the ball, the girls went away.

When Minnie Kelsey returned home from the factory the next evening her aunt said a bundle had been left for her during the afternoon and that she had put it on Minnie's bed. As soon as her supper was

finished Minnie went to her room, opened the bundle, which proved to be a large pasteboard box, and in it were a very pretty bonnet and a new dress of much richer material than she had ever worn. She shut the things back in the box after admiring them, and, going to the window, looked out on the lamp-lit streets while she tried to plan what she should do. She had been carried along by events until she could not without a great effort determine to go to the ball. She had not dared to mention anything about it to her churlish uncle. Her desire to go would be sufficient reason for him to forbid her going. She had not spoken of it to her aunt, whose fear of her husband would have prompted her to tell him of it. Besides, Minnie, not having fully promised herself the pleasure of going, had said nothing about it lest the mere suggestion should have brought her harsh words from her uncle. Now, here was everything ready. The girls would be waiting at the home of one of them near by, where their escorts were to call for them. Was she now to put aside the fine clothes, go to bed with the children, and in the morning go to the factory to hear all the other girls cheerily talking over the events of the night before, and be the one lone outsider?

It occurred to her that she might bid her aunt good night when she put the children to bed, as if retiring with them—not an unusual thing when she was tired—and when the children fell asleep she could dress, step out, go to the ball, come home about two o'clock, and neither her aunt nor her uncle would ever know that she had been away. The front door of the house was never locked; her room door opened on the hallway. The plan was feasible.

Had some wiser one been near her just then, some confidential and sympathetic adviser—it ought to have been a mature woman—she might have spoken gently such admonitory words as these: Minnie, child, you are tempted to risk greater temptations. Face the worst of troubles, but do not deceive. You are not now entirely yourself. You are being carried away by the illusions of youth. Do not obey the spirit now in possession of you. Your eyes are at this moment too bright. The blood is coursing through your veins too rapidly. Your judgment is overcome in your agitation. Either stay home or consult with your aunt.

Minnie was called by her aunt to help with the evening's work before she had been able to reach a conclusion. Her uncle had not come home to supper, not having been at work during the day, his spree lasting longer than was usual. Her aunt listlessly asked what was in the bundle, and she answered carelessly that it was only a dress one of the girls was lending her to try on; she hoped to get a new one soon and wanted to see how the style of the one lent her would suit her. She had not finished speaking when she began to feel ashamed of her words, deceit being new to her. She was the more deeply mortified on seeing that her aunt, accustomed to believing her implicitly, said nothing further on the subject. She thought that if her aunt caught her in this one misrepresentation she would henceforth always be under suspicion of trickery.

The children wanted to go to bed early. Minnie said good night to her aunt when they did, and in a few minutes they were sleeping soundly in their places for the night. Minnie then again took out the dress and the bonnet and looked them over. She was not at all tired; before going to bed she would try on the dress and see how it would fit. She removed her faded old street dress, and drew on the pretty blue dress belonging to the cousin of her friend.

Surely that dress had never been worn at all, and how marvelously well it fitted her! It was not a ball dress; it would have done for the street, but it was of the style of the best dress which many girls who earn their living wear to the balls they attend. There were bows and ribbons to match it in the box, and them also she pinned on, only to see how they would become her. By the dim lamp light she could make out in the little glass that she was looking better dressed than she had ever done before. She took up the pretty hat, and turned it about as she looked at it over. Yes, it would match her blonde hair and the dress. She placed it on her head. The glass whispered more flattery to her than before.

She was not a bit tired or sleepy. Since her penitence at deceiving her aunt, she had half given up the thought of going to the ball. But she now thought the girls and the young men might be waiting for her. She would not have them lose the grand march; she ought to run over to her friend's and tell the little party there to wait no longer. Since she had the nice new clothes on she would wear them over on her errand and let the girls see how they became her, and how, by accident, the dress fitted her so well.

She put on a veil, turned out the light, moved quietly into the hallway and to the head of the stairs, and in a moment more had slipped down into the street without being seen. When she entered the apartment of her friend there was but one room into which she could be ushered, and when she entered she was greeted with exclamations of delight by the girl's parent, and by compliments from the young men. All assumed that she was to be of the party. In a moment she took the young lady of the house, whose cousin's dress she was wearing, out into the hallway and whispered that she could not go to the ball. But when her reasons were given they were declared to be no reasons at all, and in an instant her friend had the entire party in the hall protesting against her remaining at home, and as all were ready to start, she found herself half carried along and in a street car on the way to the ball before she had made up her mind what to do.

The man who took his place by her side as her escort was the man of thirty whose picture was in her trunk. He was of no more than medium height, and this, with a quiet air, rendered him to the superficial observer perhaps the least noticeable man in the party. It was not until one had watched the group for awhile that it became evident that all accorded him the place of leader. He seemed not to know it, however. He was serious and resolute

looking. While spending an evening at her friend's apartments Minnie had met him, and she had afterward seen him occasionally at the same place. He had been polite to her and had given her his photograph, and the girls in their talk paired him off with Minnie. He was always carefully dressed, gave the girls presents, and, whatever he did, they knew he did not work.

The building in which the ball was given appeared to Minnie a very grand place indeed. In the ladies room she had opportunity before a great mirror to arrange her hair and retie her bows and ribbons, and when she made her appearance in the ball room to take part in the grand march many of the girls of the factory smiled on her and told her she had never looked so well.

Her escort, though dancing but little himself, had a care during the evening that she should dance often with good partners. Between dances he walked with her about the hall or sat with her talking, good naturedly describing the way such balls are made to pay, telling her who many of the young men were, and making the time pass agreeably to her. It seemed to her he knew everybody and had the run of things perfectly. He acted, however, as though he might be somewhat tired of it all. He was more interested in describing things to her than in enjoying them himself. His manners were easy and polite, and as he talked amiably to her in a pleasant, low voice she was pleased that she had him as a partner for the evening.

The hall was a large one, and twenty quadrilles were on the floor at a time. The young people heartily enjoyed the dancing, the "hands-all-around" and similar movements coming off with shouts and screams of delight. When partners were swung they went around two or three times as a rule, and some couples fairly whirled each other as long as the figure allowed them. The youths cut up antics, a favorite one being, when two approached in the quadrille, for each to hold out his right foot and turning the sole straight up and down to shake it at the other. One or two slender young chaps could swing one foot as high as their heads, a movement they seemed much to enjoy. Some of the young fellows smoked cigars as they danced, and Minnie was sorry to see a bar in sight of the ball room. The girls enjoyed the dancing undisguisedly, laughed loudly with delight and giggled without restraint, but they acted on the whole with extreme modesty. The attire of none of them would suggest to a young lady of high life the costume for a ball, as they seemed unaware that they had forms to exhibit.

A young man who had engaged to dance a quadrille with Minnie did not make his appearance when it began, and, her escort not being at hand, she seated herself in a corner of the hall. Presently through an open doorway she heard several young men in an adjoining room talking. One said:

"I see Tom King has a new girl tonight. One every season."

"Yes, a pretty girl, of course. He's got her dressed out in style, too."

"King gets his bootie at the races. Come easy, go easy. She looks like an innocent young thing, but she's got clothes on that she can't buy herself, that's sure."

Minnie felt herself growing faint. She went to the ladies' room, where, when the quadrille was finished, she was joined by the two girls who had called on her on Sunday. They said they and their young men had been invited out to supper by her escort, Tom King, who sent word asking her to go with the party.

This was an opportunity for her to get away from the hall. She quickly planned that she would go with the party to supper, and then insist on going home. In a short time, the party of six were seated in a restaurant. All were gay save Minnie, who could hardly force herself to speak. Champagne was ordered by Tom King, and the men drank heartily, the other two girls sipping of the wine, while Minnie declined to take any. It was not long before one of the girls grew talkative. She said:

"Minnie, I know why you are so quiet; you're in love."

This was greeted with laughter, though Minnie looked pained, and Tom King did not smile.

"Minnie," the girl continued, "let me congratulate you on your good looks. That new dress of yours fits you beautifully, and becomes you better than anything else you ever wore. I wish I could have a dress like that."

There were more congratulations from her girl friends, but Minnie felt the tears come to her eyes.

"New bonnet, new dress; dear knows what, all new," the girl went on, "Oh! what luck some girls have."

Minnie felt that all present must understand the allusion, and could only blush and try to hide her agitation. She was but waiting until the supper was ended, and she intended then to go home even if she had to go alone.

alarmed at seeing that the big room of her uncle's apartments was lighted up and the door standing open. She heard her uncle's hoarse voice. He was drawing out in a fit of drunken indignation:

"Ed Brady told us all about it down in Gilligan's liquor store. She was there with that gambler, Tom King, dressed out the most expensive in the room. We know she never got them fancies honest. She's the first connection o' mine ever did the likes o' that. When I lay my hands on her she'll be sick of ever disgracing a decent family like mine."

Minnie's first impulse was to rush into the room and explain all, but the man looked so brutal she feared to do so. She turned and ran down the stairs. Unfortunately she tripped on the highest flight and laid a distance of several steps, making a loud noise in the quiet house. Her uncle came out to the landing and called her name in his harsh, deep voice, but she made her way down the dark stairway as quietly as possible. Her uncle heard her and followed, awakening the inmates of the house by roaring:

"You stop there. You stop there, girl. You can't get away from me. I'll break every bone of your body. You'll disgrace an honest family, will you! To think of it! A respectable workin' man like me to have such cattle right in with his own children!"

On gaining the street Minnie ran around the block. It happened that her uncle took the opposite way and also went around the block. They were thus brought together when each had gone half around. Though they met under the gaslight Minnie's uncle passed her by after looking at her searchingly. He was swearing to himself. When he was a few steps beyond her she began running. In a moment he was pursuing her.

"To think I couldn't recognize her in her guilty finery!" he bawled. And he called stop thief as she sped along down the street.

The young girl had already been worn out with the exciting events of the evening, and now she hardly knew what she was doing. As she ran, weak and panting, her head almost bursting with pain, it occurred to her that only a little way further was the river. In it she could find oblivion. She would as lief die as live. Fearless, homeless, a castaway, what was there in this world to cause her to prize life?

She heard her uncle's heavy boots clattering on the sidewalk, and his oaths and ob-jurgations against her. She quickened her speed, but just as she reached the river street a police officer walked out from the shadow of the house and stood in her way. She stopped, but said nothing. The uncle came up and aimed a blow at her. The officer's arm received it. At this moment another man walked out from the shadow of the house. He walked close to Minnie's uncle and said:

"Go away!"

The answer was a loud imprecation, and the uncle was going on to declaim against Minnie, when the man suddenly knocked him down and said, in a determined way: "Shut up, or I'll choke off your voice."

The uncle's manner changed to a whine, but his antagonist kicked him, and once more told him to shut up. The patrolman did not interfere. The man then said:

"You know me, officer. I'm Tom King. This lady is now in my charge."

Poor Minnie stood still, the victim of the tide of affections. Again King spoke: "Minnie, I'll say now what I meant to say, sooner this evening. I want a wife. Will you marry me?"

Minnie was silent.

"The officer here will go with us to the station house. We'll be married there in the presence of witnesses. Will you come?"

Minnie did not answer, but when Tom King gently took her hand, put her arm under his and walked away, she walked along with him.

HAGAN DWEE.

St. Michael the Weigher.
James Russell Lowell in America.
Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since Adam's conscious eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame blade saw
Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thin office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the wonder of the East,
Kubla's scepter, Caesar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To man's men as gods na sin.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, cutest, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Reeched cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despair
Of young hearts with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divide;
Swiftly on his hand he declined
For I was dropped with it. "What do you mean?"
"Oh, the boss said it was so low now that
fewer men could handle it."

The Way It Works.
Two coal heavers were discussing the lowering of the price the other day. They were employed in a neighboring wharves, and of course any change in the staple, the handling of which afforded them a livelihood, had a special interest to them. "Well, Mike," remarked one, "ain't yer glad that the price of the coal has dropped?" "Bad luck to the bit am I," regretfully responded the other. "For I was dropped with it." "What do you mean?" "Oh, the boss said it was so low now that fewer men could handle it."

The Forlorn Merman.

Matthew Arnold.
Come, dear children, let us away!
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great white shoreward blow;
Now the salt white seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Clanging and clashing and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way.
Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay,"
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!
Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down.
She will not come, though you call all day.
Come away, come away.
Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay;
In the caverns where we lay,
The far-off sound of a silver bell,
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the sea weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea snakes coil and twist,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unsat eye,
Round the world for ever and aye!
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, was it yesterday?
(Call yet once) that you went away!
Once she sat with you and me.
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell;
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, my dear, here with thee."
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay;
Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone!
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach in the sandy dune,
Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow paved streets where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing air.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rain,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar: we saw her clear;
"Margaret, hush! come quick, we are here."
Dear heart," I said, "we are here alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But hush! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
"Lord, pray the priest, shut stands the door,"
Zoned away, children, call no more,
Come away, come down, call no more.
Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spin,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully.
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She leans to the window and looks at the sea;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh.
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.
Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down,
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the hill;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar,
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl,
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."
But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From beaches starred with bloom,
And high rocks throw mild
On the blanching sand a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeds we will lie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill side,
And then come back, down,
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."
Leaving the Union Labor Club to Join the
Single Tax Association.
CANTON, O., March 31.—I am about to sever
my connection with the Union Labor Club and

join the single tax club. If we reformers are to accomplish anything we must recognize some fundamental principle and join in pushing it. Of the three reform parties here, the prohibitionists advocate an artificial and unnatural restriction; the union labor party give chief prominence to their plan for issuing money and loaning it at a low rate of interest to the industrial classes, and expect thus to destroy the power of the money kings; the single tax people advocate nothing artificial, but simply a returning to natural laws, the removal of all burdens on industry and the recognition of the rights of all to their share in the earth. I see in this last a reform which will destroy the tyranny of aggregated capital without special legislation, and I choose it rather than the plan proposed by the union labor party which could accomplish nothing of lasting benefit. A. J. KISTZ.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.

As Applied to Sewing Machines, Fans, Church Organs, Bookbinding Presses, Street Cars and Clocks.
Electricity as a motive power is making wonderful strides. Ten thousand electric motors are said to be in operation in the United States and Canada, though it is hardly more than two years since the appliance was introduced as a practical machine. The following facts about motors are drawn from various sources, but chiefly from an article by Thomas Commerford Martin in the current number of the *North American Review*.

Of the thousands of electric motors in use one type alone is employed in over one hundred and twenty different industries. One motor in a lively stable operates an elevator, pumps water and brushes down the horses. Another is used to squirt color on photographs. A third drives a large factory where scores of similar are made daily. Over a dozen are attached to the presses of daily papers. One operates the machinery of a knitting mill where two hundred and fifty hands are employed. Hundreds are at work in connection with fans, sewing machines, coffee mills, ice cream freezers, church organs, bookbinding presses, freight and passenger elevators, dental lathes, jewelers' tools and the like. Curious instances of the repeated conversion of current into mechanical energy and back again are to be found in the use of motors to drive electro-plating machines, or the dynamo which now, instead of chemical batteries, furnish current in large telegraph offices.

A considerable number of these motors are from one to fifteen horse power, and are driven by a current supplied from a central station by wires which at night feed hundreds of electric lights.

Electric motors up to fifteen horse power, if they use a current from a central station, are preferable to steam engines, for they require no coal and make no dirt; no water supply is needed; the engineer is dispensed with; no heat is created; insurance is lowered and space is economized. The motor that drives the presses of a daily paper in Detroit has been standing and working on the top of its shaft since it was shipped. The wires that carry the current may pass through the keyhole, down the chimney, or in by the window frame. In the morning the turn of a switch puts the motor in operation, and at night, with another turn, it ceases to work so quickly that a minute later no one could tell it had been running.

The average charge throughout the country for a current from central stations is \$100 per annum per horse power; and on this basis, Mr. Martin says, motors of any size can easily compete with any other kind of appliance. The tendency seems to be toward the use of fifty per cent. cheaper than animal power. There are various methods of using electricity. The motor may be placed anywhere in the car and the current conveyed by overhead wires, by a conduit, by one of the ordinary rails or from storage batteries under the seats. The latter method has been tried very successfully in Philadelphia. The batteries under the seats supply to a dynamo electric motor guard to the wheel a current strong enough to run a full loaded car forty or fifty hours at the rate of eight miles an hour, including stops. These storage batteries also supply light and ring the signal and warning bells. As a means of illumination it may be said incidentally that the storage battery is admirably adapted. A gentleman in Philadelphia has a storage battery in his carriage, which supplies a three candle power light on each side of the vehicle and a much stronger light inside.

Still another use for the electric motor, and perhaps one of the most curious, is to wind clocks. A small battery is placed in the frame of a clock and connected by wires to a small motor secured to the main spring part of the movement. Attached to and swinging around with the central wheel of the clock work is an arm which carries a very delicate electric circuit, and the motor is set working and winds up the clock's spring. A simple contrivance breaks the circuit when the spring is fully wound. Experiment has proved that such an appliance can be run a year at an expense of less than twenty-five cents; and, as to accuracy, it is stated that such a clock can be sealed up and left to itself for at least one year with a certainty of its keeping closer time during that period than can be secured by any other known method. Such self-winding clocks will supersede other clocks in railroad service, and are now in use in the offices of two of the great railroads running out of New York.

It Is Free Trade.

From Henry Cabot Lodge's Speech at Cambridge.

It is free trade that is proposed not tariff reform. When the president in his message and the secretary of the treasury in his report advised the retention of the internal revenue and maintained silence as to the great sugar taxes, urging the removal of the duties wholly by the removal or reduction of protective duties, they committed themselves to free trade in a manner which no form of vague and soothing words could disguise.

When the majority in the house unite on a measure as the Mills tariff, with its comparatively slight reduction of sugar duties and internal revenue, and its wholesale attack on all the protective duties, they commit themselves to free trade. Had they aimed merely at reducing the surplus they would have got rid of it more surely and speedily by reducing the tobacco taxes, repealing the burdensome tax on alcohol used in the arts, and by abolishing the sugar duties. It is all very well to say as I have heard free traders declare, that no one thinks of destroying the tariff or of immediate free trade; but the adoption of the principles of the president's message, or the enactment of the Mills tariff, would break down the entire tariff system within two years, and, what is more, would declare that what they are intending to do

is to abolish the tariff. It is not to be wondered at that German children are better scholars than those of almost any other nation, seeing what means are employed in making schools attractive to them. In Thuringia, for instance, it is the custom for the schoolmaster to present to the children a quiet, modest girl of medium height and slender, graceful figure, who dresses simply. She says in relating some of her experiences: "My husband and I have often had a great deal of amusement in private in connection with our school. Once we were at Berlin, and as our luggage is naturally tremendously heavy, and expensive in proportion, we take as much of it as possible into the railway carriage when we are traveling. The porter who had put our boxes into the van, saw that I was carrying what looked like two small handbags. He offered to put them into the carriage for me, and I never saw so astonished and overawed a face than his. He had seen the two small bags, each containing one of my heavy weights. Another time we were going up the stairs of our hotel when we found six men engaged in taking an iron safe upstairs. The owner, who knew us, said laughingly, 'Oh, here comes the machine she will take your boxes into the van, saw that I was carrying what looked like two small handbags. He offered to put them into the carriage for me, and I never saw so astonished and overawed a face than his. He had seen the two small bags, each containing one of my heavy weights. Another time we were going up the stairs of our hotel when we found six men engaged in taking an iron safe upstairs. The owner, who knew us, said laughingly, 'Oh, here comes the machine she will take your boxes into the van, saw that I was carrying what looked like two small handbags. He offered to put them into the carriage for me, and I never saw so astonished and overawed a face than his. 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Chicago, Ill.—I too, had missed the "Publishers' Notes" in a vague kind of a way with nothing absorbing exactly what it was that was lacking, for there is so much that is good in the paper that the loss was not painful. Honestly, THE STANDARD is the greatest real comfort in life to me. All through the week I see crime, wretchedness, the poor defrauded of his wage, the rich idler squandering wealth in ostentation, the city humbly begging a monopolist to tear up the public streets that he may run a cable line for his own enrichment; I see cool barons posing as philanthropists, giving \$5 to the poor, and then locking up in the jail as the punishment for theft, stealing from one another; I see deluded workmen carrying on a destructive warfare of strikes, in which they are sure to get worsted; I see on all sides evidences of great social wrongs; and it seems to me I see much more since I read "Progress and Poverty." And then when Saturday comes I devour my STANDARD with all the greed of a famished man. It says: "Be of good cheer." It helps me to go through the next week with the feeling that it isn't going to be so long till there will be righted; it pleases (O, I shall do what I can to bring it about). There's a good time coming. It's almost here, but it's been a long time on the road." When the blizzard delayed the paper for day or two, Sunday didn't seem Sunday to me. I can't tell you the good it does me. What first touched my heart and made me a regular buyer of THE STANDARD was the letter of that splendid fellow who went without his overcoat in order to contribute to the campaign fund. A friend said to me: "This thing is a sure winner, if that's the way people feel about it."

But I don't think John Smith doing this particular one who is writing. He is a newspaper reporter and never loses a chance to put a good word in his paper when he can possibly be done. He has converted another reporter, who has simply become a crank on the subject—I wish the country was full of such cranks—and he in turn has gone and converted others. He carries tracts with him and goes loaded for bear. There are seven single tax men in the "brannery" and any number in the composing room. It would just do your heart good to come in some day "after the five o'clock" and hear us all jump on some incautious person who attempts to "buck up" the single tax doctrine. It would **so** keep your eyes on the — and you'll see lots of good things in it. The real estate reporter is a Henry George man, who is a star in my crown, and once in a while he gets in a crack at the land sharks.

But mingled with the fierce joy of making a convert to the faith, for it is as keen and strong a delight as a man can know, is the dull pain one feels in meeting a man who says: "I take no interest in such subjects." I cannot understand it, and hear us all jump on ears and hearts can "take no interest in such subjects." "I have been to Golgotha; I have seen humanity hanging upon the cross." And who can be deaf to the cry, "It is nothing to you, oh, ye that pass by: Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

When I see the poor little cash girls and boys in the big stores wan and peaked and weary, and think how they are not only being robbed of the innocent joys of childhood, but are being of necessity forced into becoming "after the five o'clock" and hear us all jump on ears and hearts can "take no interest in such subjects." I have seen humanity hanging upon the cross." And who can be deaf to the cry, "It is nothing to you, oh, ye that pass by: Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

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I only meant to write a thankful or so, but when I get started on this subject it seems as though I never could stop. You'll hear from me again when I get this suit of clothes paid for. The part I owe on it I think amounts to about extra cost from the duty on wool and woollen cloth. I'll send a recruit subscription then.

Yours for God's truth,
EUGENE WOOD.

Thank you, Eugene Wood. Your letter is one which every reader of THE STANDARD will read with interest, and will be the better for the reading. Not because it speaks well of THE STANDARD—we have published plenty of letters praising THE STANDARD fully as much, which were not half so interesting—but because it puts into words, and describes in good straightforward English, that half-despairing feeling, that saddened wonder at the persistence of misery, and crime, and poverty, which every one of us has felt.

How easy it is to see, if one will only look. How hard it is to get people to open their eyes and see the world around them as it really is. There are thousands upon thousands of people in Chicago who, if they read Eugene Wood's letter, would simply say: "It isn't true. There's little or no distress in this city; and what little there is, is the result of ignorance and drunkenness." And then they'd take up some magazine article, or the report of some society, and prove by figures—figures, you know, never left since first man put two and two together—they'd prove by figures that the rich are really growing poorer, and the poor are really growing richer, and no man wants for anything who is really willing to work for it, and all we've got to do is to let things alone and give the glorious institutions of our country a chance to do their perfect work. Which of us is there who has not encountered just that kind of talk from people who deluded themselves with the idea that their eyes were open, while they were really blind as bats in sunlight.

Friends, this very thing that troubles us so often is the thing that gives sure promise of our victory. Men can see, if only they will open their eyes and look. All we have to do is to hold up the truth in front of them—to keep it steadily before them—and sooner or later they are bound to see it. Round every one of us there stands a throng of men and women with eyes cast down or tightly closed. What each one of us must do is to hold steadily aloft the light that shows the way to freedom; so that the first eye raised or opened may be attracted by its beams.

Are you doing this?

to read it I have read every paragraph, and I think THE STANDARD is the most interesting paper in the United States, and a grand medium for educating the people to a knowledge of their own interests. I shall read "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection or Free Trade?" next.

And this from another recruit subscriber — a clergyman in Iowa.

— Iowa, April 5.—I don't know whether I am thankful or not to the friend who you say ordered you to send me THE STANDARD for four weeks. I don't know whether to be glad or sorry that I did not follow my first impulse and throw the paper unread into my waste basket. It has made me very unhappy. For mine eyes are opened and I see; and I begin to realize how empty and how useless my life has been. I am not ready yet to confess my faith in the remedy you advocate, though I am satisfied that those I have hitherto carelessly accepted are worse than useless. I feel as if I ought to give the matter further study. I send my subscription to THE STANDARD and remittance for "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection or Free Trade?" I shall read your books carefully, and with an earnest desire to know the truth.

Use these recruit subscriptions, friend! Scatter them broadcast among your acquaintances until every one in the whole land has had one. That is one of the ways, and a very good way, too, in which you can hold up the light for your fellow men to see it. Don't send in recruit subscriptions because you like THE STANDARD; but send them because you love the cause! And scatter them with a free unsparring hand.

Have you sent us any subscribers lately? Are you trying to get any? There are plenty of you who must answer "No" to these questions, if they answer them at all. Yet there probably is not one among you all who could not, if he would but take a little trouble, and at least one to the number of our subscribers. Friends, THE STANDARD is your paper, as much as it is ours. It is your work as much as ours that it has to do. For the efficiency with which it does its work no small share of responsibility rests upon your shoulders.

Here are our terms for subscriptions to THE STANDARD:

| | |
|---|--------|
| One subscription, one year, | \$2 50 |
| One subscription, six months, | 1 25 |
| One subscription, three months, | 65 |

Three or more subscriptions:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| One year, each, | \$2 00 |
| Six months, each, | 1 00 |
| Three months, each, | 50 |

After the first club of three has been sent, subsequent subscriptions may be forwarded at the same reduced rates.

Recruit subscriptions, for four weeks, will be received, singly or in clubs, to different addresses at fifteen cents each.

The contributions to the recruiting fund during the past week have been:

| | |
|---|--------|
| A. L. Rohan, Port Louis, Mauritius, | \$5 19 |
| Edward T. Jennings, | 3 50 |
| Two Anonymous, | 1 75 |
| E. L. A. | 1 00 |

Total for the week, \$15 44
Previously acknowledged, 2,254 14
Total to date, \$3,300 58

A STATE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

The Labor Party Asserts Rights of All to Strike and Organize—A Revolution Favoring Protection Laid on the Table.

A state convention of the labor party of the state of Alabama met in Montgomery on the 22d ult., and continued in session until the 24th. There were seventy-eight delegates present, representing every congressional district in the state except one. Such organizations as "farmers' alliances," "wheezies," and trade unionist delegates, the Knights of Labor being in the majority, were represented, and permits monopolists to deprive labor of natural opportunities for employment, thereby filling the land with tramps and paupers, and bringing about unnatural competition which tends to reduce wages to starvation rates, and to make the wealth producer or industrial slave of those who grow rich by his toil.

Among the resolutions presented was one which read: "Resolved, That we are in favor of protection to American labor." One of the delegates intimated that it might mean protection to American monopolies. The resolution was laid on the table.

The convention claimed to represent 187,000 votes, and Mr. Norton has followed up the work by publishing a book, "The Grafton Birmingham Scandal," which advocates and explains the operation of the single tax.

A Word of Encouragement for the Press.

NEW YORK, April 6.—THE STANDARD may flatter itself that it is doing something for the cause of free trade, but it may as well hide its head if its efforts in that direction are compared with those of the New York Press.

In its issue of April 6, in reply to a paragraph from the Philadelphia Record, the Press quotes the assertion of the agent of the Grafton linen thread works that "we sell a large proportion of the product of our mills at Grafton, Mass., at prices which are as low absolutely as the prices obtained in Britain for similar qualities made at our mills at Nottingham and Scotland." It is evident that even if all the workers had to turn farmers when the tariff is abolished, the Grafton mills will continue to do business at the old scale.

The agents go on to state that the operatives at Grafton receive more than one hundred per cent higher wages than the Johnstone workers and that the cost of living at Grafton is less than fifty per cent more than at Johnstone. The level of the American employers sell their product at the same prices as foreign competitors and pay higher wages. If the abolition of the tariff should reduce the prices of all articles of domestic manufacture to the level of foreign prices, would not American wages remain higher than foreign wages, as seems to have been the case in the thread business? However, it may be that protection increases wages and decreases the cost of living, but it would decrease wages and increase prices. This appears to be the latest idea in political economy.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab,
over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his
sepulcher to this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man says its story,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight:
Comes the night when it is done,
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek
Grow into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound or music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown,
The great procession sweeps.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely cry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept—
"Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir
sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the deck rock plines, like tossing plumes,
O'er his bier to wave,
And God's own land that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncollored clay
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lovely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Which ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

HOW INVENTION MARCHES ON.

**Economical Processes and New Machinery
That Render Human Labor Less and
Less Necessary for Production.**

Human invention will of course never succeed in rendering human labor absolutely unnecessary. A man—or, at least, a boy or girl—will always be needed to run the machine. But scarcely a day passes that does not bring announcement of some new process by which the forces of nature may be harnessed to perform, untiringly and without charge, the work that heretofore has required the employment of skilled labor. And the shelves of the patent office are fast becoming overcrowded with the designs of machines devised to do, still more cheaply, the same sort of work that the unskilled laborer already does for mere subsistence wages.

The new process of welding metals by electricity has already been referred to in these columns. Its inventor, Professor Thomson, claims to have brought it to perfection, and if it will do all he asserts it will, many a skilled artisan will be forced out of employment.

The invention consists in the application of electricity through copper conductors, to which are attached clamps working by thumb-screws. The ends of metal to be welded are fastened firmly in the clamps and placed close to but not touching each other. A current of electricity is then applied, and when the ends of the metal are of proper heat and color they are pressed together with a moderate pressure. A strong electric current is necessary, but only for a short time, as but five seconds were consumed recently in welding an iron bar after the current was applied. No chemicals or other foreign substances are needed, except a little borax to keep the points of contact clean. Pieces of metal welded by this process and then tested are found to be as strong as the parent metal in any where else. Pieces of brass, copper, German silver and steel have been welded into one bar, and cast iron can also be welded. A solid steel shaft, one inch in diameter, has been welded in two places so closely as to render it impossible to detect the points of joining.

Another revolutionary invention is the telegraph of Professor Elisha Gray. By this ingenious application of electricity, the professor informs us, "you can sit down in your office in Chicago, take a pencil in your hand, write a message to me, and as your pencil moves a pencil here in my laboratory moves across the sky and forms the same letters and words in the same way. What you write in Chicago is instantly reproduced here in facsimile. You may write in any language; write in short hand if you like; use a code or cipher; no matter, a facsimile is produced here. If you wish to draw a picture it is the same; the picture is produced here. The two pencils move synchronously and there is no reason why a circuit of 500 miles cannot be worked as easily as one of ten miles. The telegraph will supplant the telephone for many purposes, for it will have marked advantages over it. In many clerks and post office employees will be thrown out of employment when the country is covered with a net of long distance telegraphs, and a merchant can connect with San Francisco or

plates, so arranged that it will work its way along the bottom of a vessel, picking up everything that comes in its way, and pouring out coal or anything else at the rate of 600 to 1,000 tons an hour. Mr. Schenck prophesies that the invention "will prove highly beneficial to dealers," which it may; for a time at all events. He also says it will enable them to sell cheaper, which is not so certain. He says to say, however, that the men who now shovel coal will not have money to spend. The company proposes to build vessels especially adapted for the purpose with a double line of conveyors, and with two to four elevators, so that every pound of coal will be delivered without the least hard labor.

THE NEW YORK UNITED LABOR PARTY GENERAL COMMITTEE.

What It Did at Its Last Meeting, How It Is Made Up and How Its Members Will Probably Act Next November.

The New York county general committee of the united labor party met at Clarendon hall, Thursday evening, April 5. The special order was the discussion of a new constitution for the government of the party. The report required that applicants shall be citizens, shall be in accord with the platform and principles of the party, and shall not belong to any other political party, organization or club. The first amendment offered to the report of the committee was to this section, and was "excepting clubs of propaganda, propagating the principles of the united labor party."

In the constitution of 1887 there was a section which read:

This party or any member thereof, or any candidate or other person acting for any candidate of the united labor party, must not have any fusion or dicker with the republicans, democrats or any other party; their candidates or those acting for them.

This was the section on which, prior to the last election, members of the socialistic labor party were ruled out of the united labor party.

One of the members of the general committee discovered that this section had been omitted by the committee in its report, and upon his announcement of that fact there ensued a vigorous debate. There was a fine display of parliamentary tactics, but the feeling was so strong for the section as it was last year, that the efforts of the fusionists were unavailing in making even so small a breach in it somewhere.

John J. Bealin didn't know yet that the single tax would be the panacea for the evils under which we suffer. We should confer with our brethren of the west (the union labor party) and try to harmonize our differences. We should even so cast our nets as to scoop in the socialists (he did not mention them by name), for, after all, their theory of the nationalization of the machinery of production, as well as the land, might be the panacea we wanted. He resented the insinuation that the machinery of the party was now being controlled by a clique.

William B. Clarke declared that he had the courage of his convictions. It might be necessary to seek the friendship of one of the two great parties. He was a single tax man and a protectionist, and he knew that in order to continue to occupy that position one of the great parties must be sacrificed. This frank utterance of Mr. Clarke produced the utmost confusion, and the banging of the chairman's gavel drowned remarks of any description for a time. When quiet was restored, Mr. Clarke proceeded to repeat what he had said at the beginning, but confusion again broke on the point of order were raised, and Mr. Clarke sat down.

John K. Sullivan wanted to hold out an olive branch, but James Magee, from the same district as Mr. Sullivan, said that his club had passed a resolution unanimously instructing the delegates to vote for the adoption of the section as it stood last year.

W. J. Gorsuch said he had been listening to strange language—strange for a meeting of the members of the united labor party. All the theories of the various phases of the labor movement had been tried, all the dogmas of the world had been tried, but he stood fast at the organization of this united labor party, and found deficient. We had decided, through our representatives, that at the foundation of humanity's troubles was the present iniquitous system of levying taxes, and we, through our representatives, had decided that relief was only to be found in the single tax, which, at least, meant freedom. On that foundation this party was built, and on that foundation it must stand or fall.

Patrick J. Doody gave notice that if the united labor party deviated one iota from the path he had laid out for itself he would leave it. He had sacrificed too much to be made at this late day a tail for either party. He would call on the old greenbackers, who, he said, were the backbone of all recent movements for honest reform, to stand or fall with him.

Frank Ferrall hoped he would never live to see the day when the united labor party would change its course.

Other members of the general committee spoke freely and to the point, and after much confusion and excitement the section of the constitution of 1887, with the exception of the three words printed in italics, was adopted, the understanding being that the omission of these words would permit members of the socialistic parties to come in.

The general committee added, also, the two sections of the laws of 1887 in regard to assessing candidates. A motion to adopt the constitution as a whole was adopted, but Mr. Hamilton gave notice that he would move a reconsideration at the next meeting.

In the course of the discussion of the constitution several speeches were made, which came near precipitating the tariff issue upon the committee, but points of order were raised in time to avert it. Yet it could be seen that, the least leaven was given, the delegates would be ready to discuss the matter thoroughly.

The general committee is peculiarly constituted just now. It can be classified into four grades: (1) Single tax men, with all that that term implies; (2) protectionists who claim to be single tax men—that is to say, single tax men who are at the same time double tax men; (3) the old greenbackers, who take a hand in any reform movement that comes along; (4) those who are in the cause "for the doctor," as they express it.

The first are styled "George men;" the second have a friendly regard for Blaine, and will probably vote for the republican presidential candidate anyway, without regard to what the united labor party may do; the third will cast their votes in the air if there is no third party ticket in the field; the fourth will vote the way Dr. McGlynn wants them to.

Houston Men at Work.

Single tax men in Houston, Tex., are doing good work. On March 3 a large number of enthusiasts gathered in Wagner's hall and organized Tax reform club No. 27. M. V.

PERSONAL.

Albert Smith will assume the editorship of the Brooklyn *Weekly Press* on the 1st of May.

Hugh B. Brown is doing excellent work in Suffolk County, Long island, by writing for the Suffolk *Democrat* a series of articles showing the fallacies and absurdities of protection.

Charles Reade was over six feet in height and of splendid physique. He had fine, expressive, dark brown eyes, which contrasted with his silken white hair and flowing patrician archal beard.

C. P. Huntington, of Central Pacific notable, remarked to a San Francisco reporter lately: "I own more lines of railroad in America now than any one else, but this is because I have never parted with any of my acquisitions." Mr. Huntington's explanation is both simple and ingenuous.

Mr. Rider Haggard says of himself: "I write my books in the same way that people do any other work—namely, by sticking at it. Of course, I first of all evolve a central idea, then I build on that. I am afraid this does not sound very interesting; but I believe that, given certain natural tendencies of mind, the making of books, like every thing else, becomes a question of taking pains and assiduous unsparring labor."

Mr. Cunningham Graham, the radical member of parliament who was imprisoned for using justifiable violence at the Trafalgar square meeting last year, says in relating his prison experience: "It was very monotonous and tedious, and when the hours for work were done. But I read the bible. The part which prisoners seem to read most is the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and on the margin of my bible some former prisoners had written in blood: 'Clear up old Jeremiah, the time will soon pass. That's what all poor fellows say.' We are not allowed to speak, but as we pass one says to another, 'Clear up, the time will soon pass.'"

Walter Besant, explaining why his name alone stands on the title page of the English edition of the novel, *Benjamin B. C. C. of Men*, says that Rice had nothing whatever to do with its authorship; that between the time Rice fell ill in January, 1881, and his death in April, 1882, he (Besant) by himself wrote three stories, "The Captain's Room," "A Story and Conditions of Men" and "They were Married," which were published in accordance with previous agreement in periodicals under the "firm" name. But when they were to come out in book form he felt released of all obligation and attached his own name.

In a letter of resignation from the presidency of the First assembly district association and secretaryship of the executive board of the United Labor party of Kew-Forest, N. Y., Mr. Charles C. Robert says: "I think that I do not see how any one who has read President Cleveland's message can be blind enough not to see what course to take. In order to introduce the single tax all other taxes must be abolished, and of that course the single tax is the chief one; it is therefore clear that single tax men, to be consistent, must go into the tariff fight, and in his opinion should join forces with that party which is going our way—the democratic party."

Papers in Schobarie county, New York, and in the *Democratic Review*, Brooklyn, N. Y., at Benheim, aged ninety-four years, "Uncle Ben," as he was called, was an active participant in the anti-slavery war of 1845, when a large part of the residents of Ulster, Greene, Delaware and Schoharie counties, living in the northward leases on the great Livingston tract, arose in flat rebellion against landlord authority. The agitation, beginning with a widespread and concerted refusal to pay rent, and ending in collisions with officers of the law, culminated finally in the passage of legislation beneficial to the "anti-renters" and the sale of portions of the large tracts of land to whomsoever wished to buy.

Rev. W. E. Lincoln of Painesville, Ohio, writes to say that after mature consideration, he is opposed to the single tax. He says that the single tax is a compromise, and that the best policy for the single tax men is to endeavor to strengthen the hands of the free traders in the democratic party and to support President Cleveland and the terms of an Independent action under present circumstances. He would, he thinks, make us practically allies of monopoly and help keep alive a "robber-baron tariff." The whole protective idea, Mr. Lincoln truly says, is opposed to the idea of the brotherhood and common interest of men, which is the essence of Christianity and which can alone constitute the secure foundation of any movement which shall really emancipate labor.

The London house which Mr. Gladstone has taken, is in the old Queen Anne style, and the drawing room windows overlook the parade ground on the Wellington barracks. The entrance hall is square and roomy, paneled as is the staircase with the Chippendale carving, and lighted by a studio glass window. There are a few reproductions of the Autotypy gallery, and a large picture of the entrance to Alexandria, which must recall to the ex-premier, each time he enters the house, one of the most unpleasant memories of his official life. The dining room is on the ground floor, and is of somewhat restricted dimensions. Above it is the drawing room, which is a long charming room. In one corner is a portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted by Watts, and in the middle window is placed Mrs. Gladstone's writing table. It is shut in by a screen on which hang portraits of her husband and youngest son. The room in which Mr. Gladstone works is at the back of the house, and is a quiet study, free from all noise. Not even the sound of a passing cab wheel can break in on his quiet.

The Poor, Poor Landlord.

New York Press.

Landlords are usually reviled by all humanity. Sometimes they deserve it. But the impartial observer, who goes about flat hunting, will admit that the New York landlord has some very unpleasant things to cope with. He keeps his prices up in order to keep up the tone of his houses. There are cases where he might let them down with advantage to himself and good tenants; but one can scarcely blame him for his caution when one remembers his difficulties.

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